Week ending August 9 1958 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

The astonishing true story of 63 marooned men, women and children

SKELETON COAST

I was a first offender

by FLORENCE CHAPMAN

NURSE ON THE DISTRICT

by JOANNA JONES

THE NEW WONDER-VALUE COLOUR WEEKLY

4D

ALSO IN THIS WONDERFUL NUMBER:

LUXURY COOKING AT SMALL COST!
18 of Susan King's scrumptious recipes for simple OMELETTES and SOUFFLÉS. Try Bacon and Herb Omelette, Rum Omelette, Apple and Cream Omelette—or Smoked Haddock Soufflé or Butterscotch Soufflé . . . every recipe timed and costed!

3 COMPLETE STORIES
If you love first-class romantic fiction read "Sauce Armand" by Lesley Wilson, "The Girl That He Married" by Humphrey Knight and "Too Young" by Elizabeth Beresford.

OUT NOW-

SPECIAL 4-PAGE PULL-OUT
EARLY AUTUMN KNITTING

INCLUDING 12 TIPS FOR PERFECT RESULTS

WOMAN'S REALM has a genius for making itself useful . . . and here's one of the most useful pull-outs ever prepared for you! It details all the professional secrets of giving a home-made knitted an expensive couture look . . . endowing it with lasting elegance . . . making friends and neighbours incredulous when you say, "This little number? I knitted it myself." All the do's and don'ts are clearly photographed and there are instructions for four exclusive new knitteds. For yourself there's a handsome hip-length cardigan in garter and moss stitch, a beautiful long-line Fair-Isle sweater that's very simple to do and a machine-knitted elegantly bloused cardigan in larger sizes. There's also the hand-knitted cardigan worn by the little moppet on the cover. If you ever knit anything, you must have this valuable pull-out. **HURRY TO YOUR NEWSAGENT OR BOOKSELLER BEFORE THIS NUMBER SELLS OUT!**

GET YOUR COPY QUICKLY!

WOMAN'S REALM

FREE SPEECH

What's Made Life Go So Gay?

It wasn't till I looked through an old family snap album that I realized how gay and light-hearted we have become—all in the space of one generation.

I was brought up as a boy among dark, heavy furniture; my clothes were equally heavy and dark—even our haircuts were extremely formal and stiff. When I see my son playing in the street with a mixed group of friends, not restricted to "nice, respectable boys," wearing a bright shirt and obviously enjoying himself, I pay silent thanks to whatever was responsible for the change. Especially the fact that he regards me as a friend and confidant, not a remote ogre.

J. MARSHALL, SUNDERLAND.

★ ★ ★

Take Note

Drawing large sums of money from the bank entails taking on trust packets of £500 in notes. To count them in front of the cashier would take far too long. Yet once the money has been taken back to the office, the bank will not bear responsibility for any discrepancy. On two occasions I have had to make up sums from my own pocket.

H. L. GILBERT HEATH, HAMILTON ROAD, READING, BERKS.

"There's no hard and fast rule about checking your money," says a spokesman of the "Big Five" banks. "If a customer finds he's £1 short the bank will check its own totals—and settle up if there's a discrepancy. Procedure varies, but it boils down to trusting your bank."

★ ★ ★

Taking The Lid Off

Oh, why can't manufacturers produce plastic dustbins—nice, quiet and washable? I never realized just how often a lid can be slammed by so many people late at night.

MRS. PATRICIA GLOVER, ROMFORD, ESSEX.

"We can't help Mrs. Glover—yet," says a manufacturer. "We've a long way to go before we can produce a plastic dustbin that will wear satisfactorily. And it's not worth our while adding a silencer to galvanized bins—people don't think enough of dustbins to pay extra for refinements."

★ ★ ★

La Belle Holiday

I've been going to France for my holidays since 1949 and I think A. Stephenson ("Free Speech," July 12) is talking through his hat. I don't go abroad because I smoke or drink, I go because I prefer France to England. The cooking is superior and you can have a cheaper and better holiday. Of course you can be cheated—but you can pay through the nose in England, too.

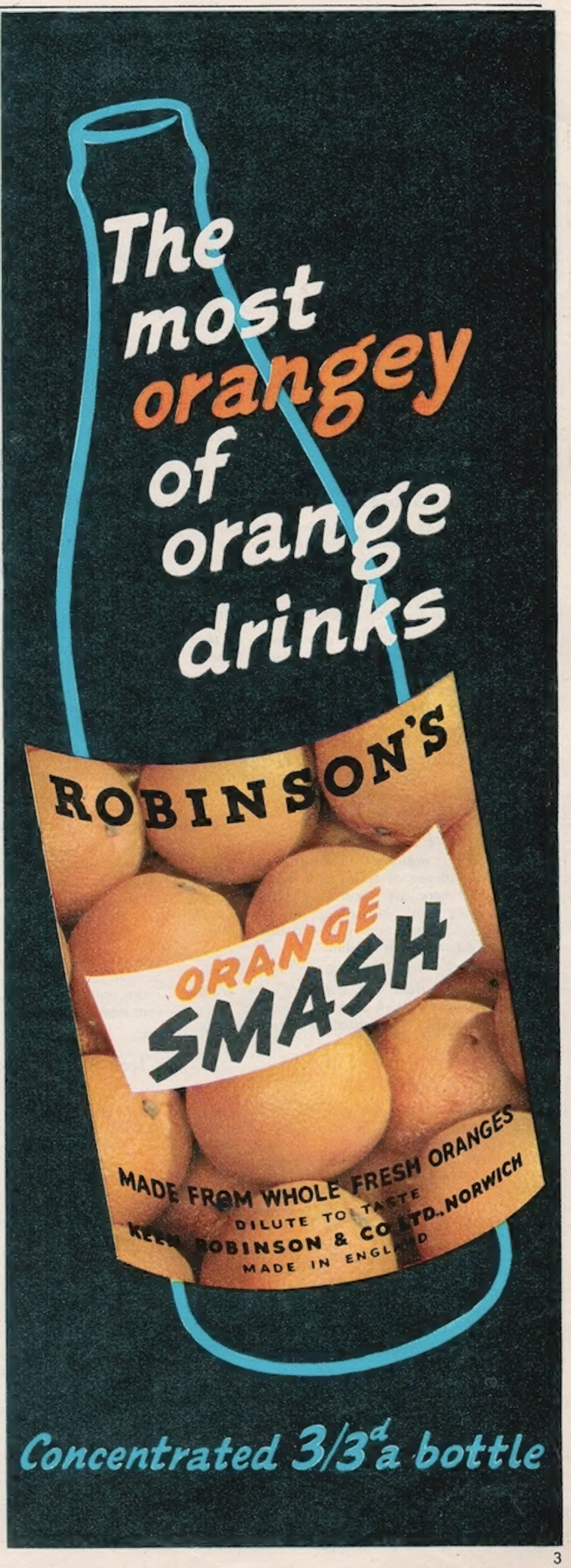
V. G. WHITE, HALLEY ROAD, LONDON, E.7.

★ ★ ★

Prisoner Of Want

On a trip to Wales we met a young man who had been discharged from prison four days previously. When we met him he had not eaten for a day and was penniless. He told my husband he had been released with a travel warrant to his home-town and 6s. We bought him a meal and my husband gave him a small amount of

Continued on page 4



FREE SPEECH

continued from page 3

money so that he could travel to another town to find a job.

Doesn't the law invite men like this to leave the straight and narrow path? What can you do on 6s.?

MRS. FRANCES BIRD, OUTWOODS DRIVE, LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS.

"A discharged prisoner gets a travel warrant and a small subsistence allowance for meals," says the National Association of Discharged Prisoners Aid Societies. "If he gets in touch with us we can help him to find a job and, in cases of distress, give him money."

What's The Score?

The interesting explanations of the derivation of cricket fielding positions ("Free Speech," July 5) prompt me to ask why tennis is scored in such a peculiar way—15, 30, 40. Why a jump of fifteen and then only ten?

W. R. C. FORSTER, CRAIG STREET, DARLINGTON.

"The method of scoring dates back to the traditional French game," says the Lawn Tennis Association. "'Love' is said to come from the use of an egg-shape used to denote no score, the French word for egg, l'oeuf, becoming the English 'love.'

"Fifteen is used because, it is said, the French players took their scoring from the four quarters of the clock. Gradually 45 has been contracted to 40."

Hush-hush Puff-puffs

On a recent Continental holiday I noted the remarkable silence of trains and was told that rail tracks there are secured directly to the sleepers with bolts, instead of the chairs and wedges used in this country. Could British Railways cut noise by this method?

O. HUGHES, DENE ROAD, HEADINGTON, OXFORD.

"The noise a train makes doesn't come from movement of the track and the sleepers," says British Railways. "It's caused by the joins in the rails."

Grocery Grouse

I have a grievance about grocers. If I order a large packet of detergent at 1s. 11d., has the grocer any right to send me two small packets and charge me 2s.? Can I knock a penny off the bill?

ANNE TAYLOR, DORRIDGE, SOLIHULL, WARWICKS.

"You can't refuse to pay the penny if you keep the goods," says a lawyer. "But you have the right to make the grocer take back the goods."

Horror Comedy

Punch and Judy may be horrific ("Free Speech," July 19) but how about the Hans Christian Andersen comedy in which two brothers kill four horses with an axe, sell a grandmother's skin to a tannery, attempt murder by drowning and murder their brother?

My brother read it as a child and nearly fell out of bed laughing.

ROGER CLEEVE, CARSHALTON BEECHES, SURREY.

Are Exams Easier?

I resent this present-day assumption that modern schoolchildren work harder, have stiffer examinations and are expected to know more than their parents did ("Free Speech," July 12). With the exception of science they know less. In my day all subjects had to be passed at once. The present G.C.E. method is more sensible—but easier.

MRS. F. G. GALE, EWHURST, SURREY.

Harry Rée, headmaster of Watford Grammar School for Boys, says: "Children know a sight more than I did as a boy. They're more intelligent and cover a much wider field of knowledge."

Clerk Of The Court

I found Lord Hailsham's rebuke to the clerk of the justices most refreshing ("Stunt Man," July 12). Most clerks keep strictly to their duties, but an occasional one sees himself as a local Lord Chief Justice and almost runs the court.

In such cases the chairman merely announces the decision; a decision made by the clerk. Even the little homily to the defendant is given by the clerk.

J. A. LEVERINGTON, REMEMBRANCE ROAD, COVENTRY.

"Strictly speaking, the clerk is there only to record proceedings and to advise the court on matters of law," says a lawyer. "He can also ask questions on behalf of the court. But often he's been in one court so long he knows that inexperienced magistrates would take all day over each case unless he jogged things along."

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THIS isn't like the chief coach—to break down at the thought of a few back-breaking leg-breaks on a swooning summer afternoon. But Zelinski, who always does his best to make a good cover point, says that the problem here is psychological. It's that moment of truth when the one-man selection committee has to tell Father that he is no longer the Peter May of the back-garden colts. All they are looking for today is an umpire who hasn't a vested interest in the bat, the ball or the stumps. . . .

All That Glitters . . .

Many collectors of tinfoil for charity have a distorted idea of its value. Recently I saw a parcel of "silver paper" that cost 1s. 6d. in postage. The value of the tinfoil? About 1s.

I was told by the secretary of the charity that if you ask people to send a donation, to save the bother of collecting the tinfoil, they just won't do it. Folk really are queer.

JOHN GOLD, PARK STREET LANE, ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

Wobbling Wife

After nearly six months of really hard work I am resigned to the fact that I will never teach my wife to ride a bicycle. She has no sense of balance, and now tells me that even as a schoolgirl she was unable to learn cycling.

Our local cycle dealer told me he'd never known a man who couldn't ride a bicycle, but knew of several women who lacked the sense of balance needed to stay on a bike.

E. H. HUMPHREYS, NECHELLS, BIRMINGHAM 7.

"We find women every bit as good as men at balancing on trick cycles," says Bertram Mills's Circus. A doctor adds: "There's absolutely no biological reason why a woman should have a worse sense of balance than a man." But a cycle dealer says: "I can say definitely that women are always bad at learning to cycle."

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

CONTENTS

JOHN BULL, 189 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

CHANCERY 3344 AUGUST 9 1958 VOLUME 104 NUMBER 2719

Stories

THIS IS ALWAYS HAPPENING by N. J. Crisp 12
MISS PASTON'S PRIVATE WAR by Clive Burnley 16

Articles

SUPERMAN WITH A LOAD OF TROUBLE by R. Gordon Liles 10
THERE'S A ROCKET BASE NEXT DOOR by Don Everitt 10
I WAS A FIRST OFFENDER by Florence Chapman 15

Serials

SKELETON COAST (Part 1) by John Marsh and Lyman Anson 5
THE RAINBOW AND THE ROSE (Part 6) by Nevil Shute 25

Book Extract

NURSE ON THE DISTRICT by Joanna Jones 21

Features

ABANDONED HARBOUR: 14. • IN SHORT: 18
JOKES: 20, 24, 27, 29, 30. • GUESTS: 20, 22, 27, 28
THE ENGLISH CLIMATE: 23

© Odhams Press Ltd., 1958

The thrilling true story of 63 shipwrecked men, women and children

by JOHN MARSH and LYMAN ANSON

Skeleton Coast

Marooned in cruel heat in a desert of singing sand . . . how long could they fight for life?

It lasted for ten agonizing seconds. In the darkness at 10.35 p.m. on Sunday, November 29, 1942, off the south-west coast of Africa, the 13,000-ton motor vessel Dunedin Star crashed and shuddered. The terrible ripping and tearing of metal could be felt rather than heard throughout the ship. Two lesser jolts followed.

She heeled over to starboard some twenty degrees and slowed down to almost a stop. But then she righted herself. Her propellers bit the sea and she tore ahead again at full speed.

Captain Robert Lee shot out of his cabin and up the bridge ladder. There he met Third Officer George Hammill.

"What has she hit?"

"Couldn't see a thing, sir. A U-boat, do you think?"

U-boats were about. For this reason the Dunedin Star, only four days or so from Cape Town, on her way from Britain to the Near East with a cargo of munitions, had been ordered to keep to the coast.

In a way, Lee hoped that it *was* a U-boat; that would rule out the chance of having hit the Clan Alpine Shoal, a line of rocks shown on his maps as being three to five miles off the shore. However, since the Admiralty had marked the shoal "P.D.," for "Position Doubtful," he had played safe by

Up shot the lifeboat's stern, high in the air. It hung for a long moment, then began a breathtaking slide down a mountain of water

ILLUSTRATION BY SEABRIGHT

The reports were grim. Keel torn away, hull ripped open . . . water rising in the holds. Then came the order, "Make for land!"

taking a course at least nine miles outside where it was supposed to lie.

Reason pointed clearly to a U-boat. The thing to do was to make for the open sea, where the U-boat could be shaken off the trail.

"Swing her hard a'starboard, Mr. Hammill."

"*Away* from the coast, sir?"

"Yes. And hold her at full speed."

"Full speed and away from the coast. Yes, sir!"

The heavily loaded vessel heeled over, sending galley dishes crashing and passengers' luggage skidding against bulkheads.

Ordinarily, the Dunedin Star, which had a crew of eighty-five—all of them British—carried twelve passengers, but as a wartime measure her cabins were double-bunked. Now her passenger list totalled twenty-one. Twelve were British and the rest were Egyptians. There were a couple of two-year-old girls and a thirteen-months-old boy.

At the first shattering impact, cabin doors were flung open and dazed men and women, many still half-asleep, poured out into the draughty corridor. The assistant purser, Ernest Johnston, faced a barrage of questions.

"Shall I get dressed?"

"Purser—my necklace! It's in your safe."

"Are we sinking?"

"My baby—my *baby*! I can't——"

The purser held up his arms for attention and the clamour stopped. "Listen, everybody," he said, trying to show a confidence he didn't feel. "While we're finding out just what happened, I want you to get your panic boxes and life-jackets and meet me in the main lounge. Remember, it's nothing to get excited about."

Once around the corner away from the crowd, he disregarded his own advice against hurrying. Calling the white-haired steward, John Alexander, and Jones, the steward's boy, to help him, he set to work frantically collecting torches and spare blankets.

When the passengers, carrying panic boxes and life-jackets, reappeared in the corridor, Johnston took them into the lounge.

Among them he could see the youthful-looking Taylors, mother and blonde seventeen-year-old daughter, Annabel, returning to Abyssinia from a holiday in England; Mrs. Dorcas Whitworth, a tall, middle-aged woman whom he had thought to be aloof until one day, off Cape Finisterre, she had surprised him by borrowing slacks and a jumper and insisting on going down into the engine-room to "see the wheels go round"; Mrs. El-Saifi, the English wife of a Cairo business man, travelling alone with her two-year-old daughter, Nadya; and Mr. Saad-Moussa, who was understandably worried about it all because his wife, Lydia, standing beside him, was six months pregnant.

The sight of steward Alexander apologetically zig-zagging his way through the crowd brought less assurance to Johnston than it did to others. That the steward's calm face reflected no bad tidings meant nothing. No news, good or bad, was ever known to disturb the old man's tranquil expression.

"Well, steward?"

There followed whispers, after which the purser looked up and smiled at his waiting audience. "The captain says that whatever we hit, it doesn't matter," he announced. "You can tell by the steady way we're moving that the ship's all right. Go back to sleep and forget it."

A ripple of relief passed through the crowd. . . .

But while the Dunedin Star sailed westward, with many of her passengers once more lulled to sleep by the familiar pounding of her engines, Captain Lee stood on the bridge listening, tight-lipped, to reports from his officers.

None was encouraging. Each described more serious damage than the one before. Water rising in holds two and three . . . shaft tunnel leaking . . duct keel torn away under engine-room . . . steel hull ripped open. . . .

And here he was, taking the Dunedin Star at full speed away from land.

A few minutes before, that had seemed the proper course. Now he wasn't so sure. Would bumping a U-boat have torn her keel away? Only a rock-like obstacle, it seemed, could have done that.

He thought again of the map. "Clan Alpine Shoal—Position doubtful." He called sharply: "Change course a hundred and eighty degrees, Quartermaster! *Make for the nearest land!*"

The land in question was the Kaokoveld, a five hundred mile stretch of hot and arid desolate sand running from the southern boundary of the Portuguese province of Angola to a tiny settlement named Walvis Bay, several hundred miles north of Cape Town.

It was known as Skeleton Coast. Most of the sailors shipwrecked there have drowned in the tremendous surf or died miserably among the barren dunes, succumbing to thirst and hunger, their bones picked white by jackals, hyenas and lions. The few survivors who have come away complained bitterly of the wind that whips across the sand crests with so weird a wailing note as to acquire a special name—the Soo-oop-wa. But even the suffering brought to castaways by the Soo-oop-wa was often easier on the nerves than the strange groans emitted by the sand itself when trodden upon.

In making for the Kaokoveld, Captain Lee was thinking of the value of his cargo, and of his ship, to the war effort. If only he could run the Dunedin Star ashore before she sank, it might be possible to save something out of the catastrophe. It was a gamble, a race against time, but worth the chance. . . .

Chief Engineer Henry Tomlinson hurried from the engine-room up to the bridge.

Lee asked: "How long will she float?"

"Another three hours, sir. Four at the most."

Although five powerful electric pumps were working at full capacity in the engine-room alone, the water slowly crept up until it appeared above the floor plates. When Captain Lee saw this for himself he knew the time had come to summon help, even if it attracted prowling U-boats.

He went to the wireless room and told the chief operator, Charles Kilpatrick, to send out an S O S at once.

As the S O S crackled out, Kilpatrick sat on

Three of the Skeleton Coast survivors. Left to right: Senior Cadet Jimmy Thompson, Mrs. Taylor, and the captain of the Dunedin Star, Robert Lee

At one stage the party was split up. Some were on board the Dunedin Star ; the others were marooned on the shore. Only one thin life-line united them

The foundered wreck of the 13,000-ton Dunedin Star, six hundred yards off Skeleton Coast. Several ships hurried in answer to her desperate calls for help

the edge of his chair, hardly breathing for fear of missing a possible reply.

It came at last from Walvis Bay, a faint Q S L—the code for "I have received your S O S."

The harassed captain now faced a new dilemma. How far was he from shore? His ship was ploughing through so black a night that her position could not be fixed with any certainty.

How soon she would hit the coast he didn't know—nor whether it would be a sandy beach or jagged rocks. The echo-sounding gear had been torn away in the crash.

Forty nerve-racking minutes ended with a shout from the crow's nest: "Breakers ahead!"

Captain Lee jerked the engine-room indicator to half-speed. He and the other men on the bridge braced themselves.

When the jolt came, three minutes later, it was hard enough to wake the passengers again, yet gentle enough to bring them piling out on deck with more curiosity than fear.

On the bridge, a voice in the dark said: "Thank God!"

When they found themselves aground instead of sinking in the Atlantic, the passengers' alarm turned to relief. But as the hours dragged on, and the liner, which Captain Lee had swung parallel to the shore, her bow pointing south, settled more firmly into her bed of sand, doubts as to what would happen next began to circulate.

At half past four in the morning a second message came through from Walvis Bay. "Minesweeper and tug leaving harbour. Should reach you daylight Wednesday, December 2."

A cheer went up from passengers and crew when the word was passed. Two rescue vessels on the way already. It wouldn't be long now.

The cheer petered out. Daylight Wednesday. This was early Monday. Two days of waiting ahead!

What would the captain do? Try to reach shore through the breakers that they could hear thundering between them and dry land?

It seemed a good omen when the clouds started to break and faint stars shone in the openings. A moon appeared.

All eyes were turned shorewards and the passengers cried out in wonder at the unexpected beauty of the scene spread before them.

Lines of creamy surf sped from the ship towards land. Each successive line cascaded wildly over what appeared to be a long, low reef a few ship's lengths away, creating streams and waterfalls as it drained back into the sea. Beyond this turmoil the passengers saw, or thought they saw, a placid, island-studded lagoon that seemed to extend to a dark line of mountains miles away. . . .

Early dawn began to change moonlit fantasy into fact. Daylight completed the ugly metamorphosis. The reef and waterfalls turned out to be great curling breakers that crashed on to a long sandy shore six hundred yards away.

The island-studded lagoon became a vast waste of white sand broken by infrequent outcrops of barren rock. Not a tree, or bush, or blade of grass was visible. And those cool mountains on the far horizon were only more distant hummocks of sand that seemed to recede towards the heart of Africa.

The one distinguishing mark along the entire featureless coast was a tall pole sticking out of the sand some two or three miles to the south. Charts showed that it was an official marker to warn ships away from danger.

THE new day brought fresh worries. That the Dunedin Star could no longer sink was little comfort. She rolled and bumped each time a wave hit her. A sudden storm might break her up.

The captain called the passengers into the main lounge. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I have decided that we'll be safer—more comfortable, that is—on shore."

In the dramatic silence that followed came the whine of the wind, mingling with the thunder of distant breakers.

"Our big power lifeboat is being watered and provisioned now," he continued. "Passengers will be put ashore first. Chief Officer John Davies will be in charge until I can join you on the beach later in the day. Each passenger may take one suitcase or bag. Remember, there's no danger. So get ready, please."

Ten minutes later the lifeboat had been lowered and the passengers were helped into it. The lifeboat rose and fell while two members of its volunteer crew struggled to start the motor. Two others, in the stern, manned a manila line, the other end of which was secured to a deck cleat on the Dunedin Star. Their duty was to pay out the line slowly, yet always keep it tight to prevent the lifeboat from being swept sideways into a trough of the sea.

The motor coughed a few times, then started with a roar. The boat swung towards the shore.

At first, many of the passengers were misled by the comparative smoothness of the first hundred yards or so. But Commander Brian Hewitt, of the Royal Navy, a six-foot-two Australian being transferred to the Near East, was studying a strange ridge-like demarcation ahead. Beyond it, surf rolled up out of nowhere in a great swell; paused and took off in a mad run for shore. Each line of breakers finally hit the beach with a crash that sent up clouds of iridescent spray.

The boat, easily handled until then, suddenly behaved as if gripped by some immeasurable force. Up shot the stern, high in the air. It hung for a long moment, then began a breath-taking slide down a mountain of green water.

Hoarse shouts mingled with women's screams, both lost in the hiss of tumbling water. As the boat dropped, mothers shielded their babies with their bodies. All instinctively flattened out as low as they could—and hung on.

"Mind you keep that line taut," Davies warned the two crewmen. "Here comes another wave. Hold tight, everybody."

Again they went through the dizzy cycle—stern in the air, engine racing, breath held, the plunge down the side of a green canyon, up once more, still afloat.

Mrs. Taylor pushed back her wet hair and glanced apprehensively at the woman by her side. "You all right, Lydia?" she asked.

Mrs. Saad-Moussa, gripping the side of the boat with white knuckles, smiled back wanly as the stern started skywards for another breath-taking plunge.

Gradually this routine grew more familiar. The passengers learned to anticipate each rise and fall. There came a time too, when the shore line looked definitely closer. Suddenly the beach was only yards away.

The men lifted the women out of the boat and set them down on the dry, burning sand. Soaking wet suitcases, provisions and cans of fresh water followed; also a watertight tin of matches.

While the lifeboat returned to the Dunedin Star, Davies shielded his eyes from the painful glare and looked around. He pointed to a dune about two hundred yards from the water. "That's high enough to cast a spot of shade."

The men picked up some of the supplies and

The castaways dropped to their knees and scooped away the sand. There, parched

moved slowly towards the dune. Hewitt set down the can of water he was carrying and swung Mrs. El-Saifi's little daughter Nadya to his shoulder.

The shade on one side of the dune was extremely small, but the women huddled there thankfully with their children.

"After the next trip of the lifeboat we'll keep her sails and mast for a tent," Davies promised.

Mrs. El-Saifi called to her daughter: "Nadya, darling, come back here in the nice cool shade."

The little girl crept farther away, shrieking with delight as she dug her fists into the sand. Her mother was laughing a little too when she brought her back.

"Nadya," she explained to the others, "says this is a larger sandbox than the one at home."

It brought perhaps the first laugh ever heard on Skeleton Coast, and lifted the spirit of every man and woman in the group. Annabel Taylor hugged the child; her mother and Mrs. Whitworth smiled.

Only Hewitt and the chief officer realized that with the sending of this first boatload ashore, no longer would it be possible for a vessel, carefully choosing her weather, to come alongside the wrecked liner and take off all hands.

They had become divided. One group was marooned on shore—with nothing but a vulnerable motor-boat "life-line" connecting it with the rest out there clinging to a bumping, waterlogged wreck.

Next day the number left on the Dunedin Star was reduced to forty-three. Those taken ashore in the first trip of the lifeboat that day included the ship's doctor, Burn Wood, a wiry and active sixty-nine, affectionately known to his friends as "Cinders," and Jimmy Thompson, an eighteen-year-old senior cadet.

By mid-afternoon the lifeboat was again wallowing toward the beach with its second party of crewmen.

By Captain Lee's orders, this contingent included Charles Dearden, the ship's stocky, fifty-four year old chief refrigerating engineer officer, and the assistant purser, who had with him all company documents, Admiralty papers and cash from the safe.

The men were quite gay. They had little doubt of making land safely. They felt that getting through the breakers had become pretty much a routine business.

What changed their minds was an enormous wave that suddenly loomed up behind them when they were only a few hundred feet from the beach. Its size was unbelievable. The men blinked twice to see it rising higher, higher over the stern. There it hung, poised. Then slowly its crest started to curl over toward them.

The wave crashed down on the lifeboat, swamping everybody and everything, including the engine. The men, waist-deep in water, at once started bailing with scoops, caps and cupped hands. They tried frantically to get the engine running again. They were still trying when the craft spun sideways and capsized.

Half-swimming and struggling against the surf, they were swept the remaining yards to the beach, where they wrenched themselves clear of the undertow to sprawl on the hot, dry sand, gasping.

The lifeboat, cast far up on the beach, lay on its side. Due to the soaking its engine refused to give so much as a splutter when cranked.

The only power-driven boat was useless.

The last men cast ashore, who raised the total there to sixty-three, joined their shipmates in dragging the wet red sails of the lifeboat, as well as its mast and tackle and emergency oars, over to where the other castaways awaited them.

Most of the provisions the lifeboat had carried on its last trip had been lost, but a small amount of fresh water was safe.

By the time Davies, Dr. Wood and Hewitt had fashioned the sails into a crude overhead protection held up by oars stuck in the sand, it was apparent that side protection was equally important. A fresh breeze from the sea was stirring up the sand in little eddies that lodged particles of grit in eyes, ears and noses.

"This side of the dune gives the best protection," Mrs. Whitworth announced, after experimenting with all sides. But it was too small to shelter many. Only the women with children could snuggle up under it at one time. The others took turns.

Davies ordered six of the crew to search the beach and gather driftwood for a fire. Tea, he felt, would make everybody feel better.

After walking some distance, the men returned with enough wood to keep a fire going all night.

The ship's cook then brewed a concoction of tea leaves, condensed milk, sugar and fresh water in a bucket salvaged from the lifeboat.

"This," exclaimed Mrs. Taylor promptly, after tasting the sample he offered her, "is simply *delicious*."

Along with plenty of tea—and condensed milk for the babies—the grown-ups were handed two ship's biscuits each and half a tin of bully beef. The meat they scooped out with bits of driftwood, jack-knives or, mostly, with fingers.

The novelty was mildly amusing. An occasional laugh sounded—as when Thompson found Annabel Taylor a shell shaped like a spoon.

By the time darkness settled on Skeleton Coast, something went out of the high spirits that had marked the meal. A strange tension came over the camp. The castaways sat on the sand, silent and depressed.

A sudden commotion among the men ended in a shout from the steward's boy. "Lions! Lions! There are lions around here."

"Be quiet, Jones," the steward called.

"Yes, sir, but. . . ."

Swearing under his breath at the alarm which had been caused, the chief officer got up and circled the camp, peering into the blackness. When he returned, he rekindled the fire without a word.

Once more the camp tried to settle down.

Dr. Wood slept fitfully until awakened by a feeling of suffocation. A man's leg lay across his face. He pushed it away, rubbed his eyes and looked around. The fire was still burning. In the darkness beyond, a pair of bright coppery eyes flashed, and vanished. Skulking hyenas, he muttered to himself.

A moment later he saw one figure that was no hyena. He recognized it as the chief refrigerating engineer officer, who had come ashore with the last boatload, half-drowned and considerably battered. The man's bruises he had treated earlier in the evening. But to add to the victim's misery, an old case of malaria had flared up. He had taken to pacing around, chattering and shaking, looking wretched.

His dejection typified the mental state into which the whole camp seemed to have fallen with the coming of darkness and cold.

Most of the survivors dozed off after midnight, oblivious of the chill winds and seeping sand.

Daylight brought them back to reality. They awoke aching, soaked with the heavy dew, the steady roar of surf in their ears.

Baby Nadya cried. Her mother gave her a few swallows of water she had saved from her own allowance the night before.

Breakfast, depressingly like last night's supper, was eaten with little enthusiasm.

Sand blown by the wind filled hair and ears, and kept eyes half-closed. Every square inch of unprotected skin was red and raw from the constant pelting of the sand.

The men who were still on the wreck tried to rig up a breeches buoy, but although one end of the heavy line floated ashore and was grabbed by Hewitt, Davies and a number of seamen, they hadn't the strength to haul it more than a few yards up the beach.

After half an hour, even the strongest of them were threatened with sunstroke. The idea had to be abandoned.

The men crowded round Davies and asked for water.

"We could spare half a cupful each, Chief," Dr. Wood advised.

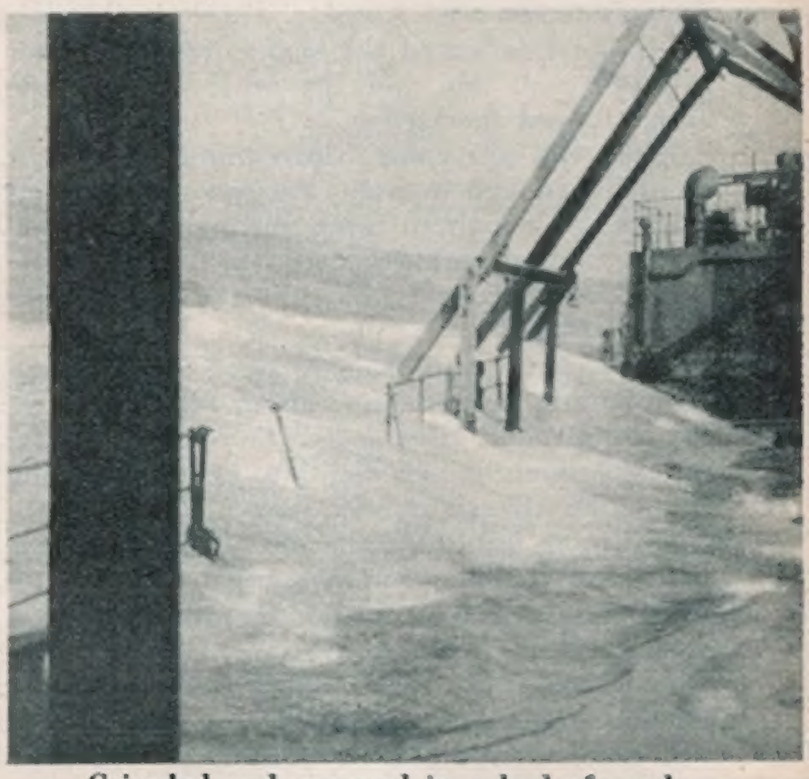
The water doled out from their shrinking supply seemed, to Davies, to make them crave for it all the more. If only he knew how long they'd be marooned he could calculate the ration better; perhaps even double it. The dew that saturated their clothes at night might help a little, but not much.

He turned to Dr. Wood. "We've got to find water somewhere," he said earnestly. "I want a dozen volunteers to start out south and examine the shore."

"Hewitt is a bit of a geologist," the doctor answered.

"Good. He'll head the party."

With Hewitt watching closely for some sign of a river bed, even a dry one, the party set



Crippled and aground in a bed of sand, the Dunedin Star lists heavily as the sea swirls aboard her at deck level

Many sailors who had been marooned on Skeleton Coast had drowned in the surf or starved to death among the dunes . . .

by the tropical sun in that cruel and naked land, lay the bones of twelve people . . . .

out towards the pole which had been seen from the wreck. The men gradually slowed their pace as the heat and heavy going began to tell on them.

An hour of silence, except for the squeaking of the sand at every step, brought the pole appreciably closer. It was taller and more massive than it had first appeared to be.

"This," said Hewitt, "looks to me like a ship's topmast. And there's the ship."

He pointed excitedly to a few gaunt, weathered timbers thrust up above the sand near the water's edge.

Without doubt they were the bottom timbers of a large vessel rotted by the sea.

The first member of the party to reach the mast was young Jones. "Look here!" he shouted, pointing to something at his feet.

Half-buried in the sand were a number of hut-like structures. Two had long since collapsed under the surrounding pressure.

Hewitt, followed by the others, dropped to his knees and started to scoop away the sand. They discovered a human bone. Dr. Wood examined it with professional interest and pronounced it to be the thigh bone of a youth.

Other human remains came to light: collar-bones and leg bones. Suddenly a skeleton, not yet wholly dismembered, appeared as the sand was dug away. Soon another skeleton was laid bare. Another and another. Twelve in all.

There was nothing to tell who the dead were, nor when they died, nor even the name of their ship.

Hewitt gave a last glance around the desert for some sign of water, but there was none, and the little party began its painful three-mile trek back to camp.

Dusk was bringing the first chill of evening when they arrived there and threw themselves down on the sand, panting. But before they could begin an account of their findings they were told the exciting news that had been relayed to shore by Aldis lamp from the Dunedin Star.

Her emergency wireless, it seemed, had called Walvis Bay once more and received a reply. Such definite help was now promised that the beach party was in high spirits.

A British freighter, the Manchester Division, they were assured, would reach them in the morning, and a Norwegian motorship, the Temeraire, perhaps even sooner. Besides these, a minesweeper and a powerful ocean tug—the Sir Charles Elliott—from Walvis Bay should arrive some time next day.

That wasn't all. The message added that, because no suitable planes were near Walvis Bay, aircraft were being sent from Cape Town to drop food and water on the beach in case of failure to rescue them by sea as early as was expected.

"Only a few hours now," the survivors told one another. "We'll be out of this place in no time."

They joked about the adventure ending too soon. . . .

During the night the Soo-oop-wa rose from a desolate sighing note to a scream. The castaways felt the sting of sand on faces and hands.

When the sky grew light, Davies was seen standing by the ashes of the all-night fire holding binoculars to his eyes and talking to Wood and Hewitt.

"There are our ships," he said triumphantly, pointing out two vessels on the distant horizon.

Soon both ships could be seen approaching land cautiously, taking soundings as they did so. The British freighter finally anchored a good two miles west of the wreck; the Temeraire some three miles south south-west of it.

The castaways stirred uneasily. It was Jones who blurted out what each one of them was wondering. "How do they expect to help us from there?"

With their ship only a few hundred yards away, the survivors were forced to seek shelter among the sand dunes. There were no trees or bushes, and they had to use sails for tents

"They can't risk running aground," said Davies.

A motor-boat, manned by a yellow life-jacketed crew, left the side of the Norwegian ship. It did not head for the shore, though, but made for the Dunedin Star, where ten men leaped into it. The men were taken to the Manchester Division and the motor-boat made another trip to the wreck, this time rescuing all but the captain and a few of the crew remaining there.

The watchers on the beach were so intent on this drama unfolding that they did not notice a third vessel steaming up from the south until its plume of black smoke drifted into their line of vision.

"That's the tug from Walvis Bay!" cried Davies.

THEY saw the big tug anchor to windward of the Dunedin Star in such a position that when her anchor chain was slowly paid out she was swept back, stern foremost, toward the starboard side of the wrecked vessel.

Unfortunately, the manoeuvre failed just when Captain Lee and the rest of the men on the Dunedin Star were about to jump on to her. She dragged her anchor and had to start forward at full speed in order to avoid a collision.

At this, the Temeraire's motor-boat went in close to the wreck as before, and succeeded in taking off the men and transferring them to the British freighter to join their rescued comrades.

The motor-boat returned to the Temeraire and was hoisted aboard. Then, to the dismay of the beach party, the Temeraire immediately weighed anchor and put to sea.

One of the women called attention to signals coming from the tug. The chief officer wrote them down: "Only enough coal to make Walvis Bay. Have to leave you. Other vessels will come. Keep your chin up."

The message brought groans from the castaways. A few minutes later they watched in silence as the tug, too, set off southwards along the coast. Why had no attempt been made to rescue them?

"I'm as disappointed as any of you," said Davies, "but I'm not surprised. It would be suicide to try to land a small boat so long as this surf keeps up."

"Why couldn't they wait till it goes down, then?" Jones asked.

"U-boats. The Temeraire can't afford to be a 'sitting duck' any longer than necessary. The tug couldn't stay, either, if her fuel's low. Anyway, the Manchester Division is still there."

In the late afternoon, however, occurred an event that helped the castaways to face another shivering night. The Manchester Division sent by Aldis lamp some news she had just picked up from Combined Headquarters at Cape Town. Aircraft, ran the message, would drop provisions on the beach. Also a police convoy of lorries, coming six or seven hundred miles from Windhoek, in the interior, should reach them next day.

The thought of the convoy pleased everyone, and there was cheerful talk during the evening meal. The sun went down, and darkness closed in fast.

Suddenly a pinpoint of light flashed from the British freighter. Davies took down the message, his expression serious. He tried to think how to break the news lightly.

"The Manchester Division has just sent us word," he said casually, "that the convoy has been slightly delayed. It can't reach us for another five days."

"Another *five* . . ?" said a horrified voice.

"Another five days," he repeated, "or more. . . ."

© *Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc., 1958*

NEXT WEEK: "Ladies, your face cream has arrived . . ."

"Skeleton Coast," by John Marsh and Lyman Anson, is to be published as a book by Hodder & Stoughton in November, price 16s.

Superman with a load of trouble

by R. GORDON LILES

Paul Robeson's fight to sing again has won friends — and enemies among his own people

MILTON GOODWIN, a New York talent scout, ever on the lookout for a fresh face or a new voice, braked his car sharply in Harlem's shabby 136th Street one Sunday afternoon early this year.

For a few moments he listened to a rich, resonant voice surging from the massive Mother Zion church nearby. "Wait," he said to his wife Myra. "I'm going to see this guy. With a voice like that, he could earn big money."

Goodwin stepped briskly into the church. Soon, as the deep voice swung into another verse of a Negro spiritual, he reappeared. He shrugged as he walked to his car.

"What's wrong?" asked Myra. Her husband slid behind the wheel. "That," he explained, "was Paul Robeson. Remember him? And I thought I had found someone with a future."

It was a judgment shared by many. For seven years, Robeson had been in a unique wilderness. Branded as a Communist, and debarred by the American Government from travelling abroad, he had sunk into near obscurity. His earnings, which once had topped the 100,000 dollar mark, had dwindled. For years he found it impossible to rent a hall, and recording studios were closed to him. Singing engagements became fewer and fewer.

Robeson clearly saw himself as suffering for his beliefs. But even some noted American Negroes, such as trumpeter Louis Armstrong and Nat "King" Cole, preferred to dissociate themselves from his campaign. "He's just a thwarted martyr," said one of his former show business associates. "Everything he says and does is all right up to a point. But too often he goes too far."

Sometimes he seemed to be stubbornly defeating his own objects. One case was pointed out by Frances Knight, director of the United States Passport Office: "When my office asked Mr. Robeson to sign a declaration that he was not a Communist, he refused, stating that it was against his principles to indicate his political feelings in this way. All we were asking him to do was to put 'yes' or 'no' on a document to be seen by only a handful of people. Yet he still refused.

"Only a few years before, however [in California in 1947], he was prepared to deny on oath before a government committee—and so before the public—that he was, or had ever been, a Communist. When we looked at a contradiction such as this, we wondered just what Mr. Robeson was trying to prove. Certainly he did not make matters easy for himself."

Such stubbornness had been ingrained in Robeson from his childhood. His father was ambitious and proud, a one-time slave, who had escaped and fled to the north to become a

Continued on page 28

Robeson receives an enthusiastic welcome on landing in Britain. For seven years a passport ban stopped him from leaving America

There's

by DON EVERITT

AT half past ten in the morning of April 30 this year an experimental rocket fired from the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Aberporth, on the Welsh coast, went off course. Early in its flight into the stratosphere over Cardigan Bay it levelled out and veered back towards the mainland.

People in New Quay, seven miles north of Aberporth, saw the green and silver rocket, estimated to be thirty feet long, belching smoke as it roared towards their village at more than a thousand miles an hour.

At Towyn Farm, on the edge of the village, elderly William Lewis thought a jet aircraft was crashing. The noise reached a crescendo with an explosion which shook the farm buildings. The rocket had landed in a hay field nearby and blown up.

In half an hour, men and lorries arrived from the Royal Aircraft Establishment to pick up the scattered pieces of the rocket. By mid-afternoon they had filled in the six-foot crater and left.

Had the Ministry of Supply press office in London not reported the accident to the national newspapers little more would have been heard about the stray rocket.

But in the late afternoon of April 30 newspaper reporters besieged the villagers for their opinions about the accident. Fearing the possible ill-effects of the ensuing publicity on their

Missiles don't cause gloom in the bar of the Ship Inn. And Councillor Donald Evans (below) has changed his attitude to the base

a rocket base next door

As deadly missiles roar in the skies Welsh villagers fear the worst—that they'll be left in peace and quiet

Like most of the population, pupils at Aberporth's local school refuse to take the rockets very seriously

The crash (right) caused questions to be asked in the House. A lorry takes the pieces back to the range

vital tourist trade, they suddenly became loquacious.

Donald Evans, then chairman of the New Quay Urban District Council, said: "People are very alarmed about the danger from these missiles." The Rev. Lloyd Davies, minister of Towyn Congregational Chapel, which stands 150 yards from the spot where the rocket fell, said: "All the people in the village are frightened of this incident and we are very anxious about the future. The rocket fell only a quarter of a mile from a school where sixty children were having lessons."

Meanwhile, at Aberporth, which nestles in an attractive bay below the Royal Aircraft Estab lishment, people who heard about the rocket crashing treated it lightly, as always.

A churchwarden, who told the Rev. Thomas Benjamin Jones about the incident, saw an amusing side to it. A local farmer had told the warden not long before that Aberporth, with guided missiles and rockets soaring overhead, was becoming too dangerous, For his retirement he had bought a house in New Quay. "This rocket which crashed," the churchwarden told the rector, "exploded only fifty yards from his house." The rector, too, thought the story amusing.

The villagers' feelings changed radically with the arrival of the next morning's newspapers. RUNAWAY ROCKET SKIMS A TOWN, one headline announced. Another read: NEAR-MISS CRASH PUTS A VILLAGE IN FEAR. Hints that the Royal Aircraft Establishment's activities endangered the local community infuriated the village. The newspapers noted that the rocket narrowly missed bungalows, council houses, a school and a farmhouse. "But it *did* miss them," the villagers protested.

New Quay, too, had a rapid change of attitude when the news ran through the village that a guest house had received a cancellation of a booking. The leading villagers accused at least one journalist of misquoting them, or quoting them out of context, and announced that the national newspapers had made far too much fuss about the rocket.

When a Labour M.P., Geoffrey de Freitas, suggested in the Commons that it might be necessary "to see if these experiments should not take place in centres farther away from populations" the people of Aberporth and district were horrified.

For a little over ten years now they have lived happily alongside the base where the Ministry of Supply tests Britain's space research rockets and weapons of the future. Of course, the missiles fired from Aberporth never carry nuclear warheads and rarely, if ever, carry even war-heads of conventional explosive; but, like the space rockets, they do carry inflammable fuels.

Such considerations do not worry the local populace, however. The people have no sense of living on the edge of danger, of living next door to the weapons of thermo-nuclear war. Their only concern is that nobody shall rob them of their new prosperity which the Royal Aircraft Establishment has created.

Ten years ago Aberporth, a coastal parish and watering place six and a half miles north-east of Cardigan, earned a comparatively lean living out of three fitful occupations: fishing, farming and tourism.

Then the Royal Aircraft Establishment began to enlarge its premises on Craig y Filain, a nearby headland which it had occupied since 1938.

Today the village sparkles with wealth. Almost every house has a fresh coat of paint. Guest houses rarely have vacancies, even in winter: the rooms are permanently booked for men working or visiting "up top," as the villagers refer to the rocket station.

Not only has the station brought hundreds to the district, it has given jobs to scores of local people. Unemployment would be serious but

Continued on page 30

This is

always happening

by N. J. CRISP

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

It was for Peggy's sake, but the decision was his alone. Crawford had known danger . . . and now he had to make a bargain with death

He walked quickly along the pavement listening to his own footsteps, forcing himself not to run. The street was dark and silent and entirely empty. He had a fistful of pennies; he'd had them for weeks now. Peggy complained that his suits were always baggy lately, but he just grinned at her. He couldn't tell her about his own private nightmare, the one where he had to telephone, where minutes, seconds even, counted—and he didn't have any pennies.

As it happened, he didn't need more than four. He dialled the number and got an immediate answer. He said: "Will you send a taxi to Two-A Pomeroy Street right away?"

"What name, please?"

"Crawford. Will it be quick? It's to go to the nursing home."

The operator said soothingly: "The car's on the way now."

He was nearly at the house when a taxi drew up, its tyres growling in the silence.

Inside, Peggy was standing by the suitcases. She looked pale. He said: "The car's here. I'll come with you."

"There's no need. You go back to bed."

"Don't be silly." He smiled at her, trying to help. "I'd like to come."

The taxi driver eased the car away carefully. Crawford felt along the seat for his wife's hand. Now and then she squeezed it for seconds at a time with a strength surprising in such a small girl. But he realized that anybody's hand would have done, or even a piece of wood. Never had they been more apart than in these minutes. She needed him not at all; she was hardly aware of his existence.

With no traffic, it didn't take long to get to the nursing home. Peggy walked straight in. By the time Crawford arrived with the suitcases, she had disappeared. The sister said: "Just put them down. We'll see to them."

He was hoping that Peggy would come back. He said: "Can I telephone later?"

The sister ducked her head and looked at her brooch watch. "You can phone at eight o'clock."

"Thank you."

"Go on," she said briskly. "Off you go. We'll take care of her."

Just then Peggy did come back. She said: "Allan . . ." and looked around as if she found difficulty in focusing. She saw him and said: "The rent. I forgot. It's rent day tomorrow. You'll find it in the little biscuit tin in the sideboard."

"All right." He groped for words, but they eluded him. He said, his throat tight: "See you later."

She put together a little smile. He kissed her briefly, then she turned, and was gone. The sister shut the door behind him, and he was back in the night. He walked slowly to the cab. The driver said: "Back to Pomeroy Street?"

"No." He hesitated. "No. I think I'll walk."

He paid the driver, then turned down the hill. After a while he stopped abruptly. He'd never walked here at night, he'd never seen this before. The city lay sprawled out below, with the white lights of the dock, and the main roads a criss-cross pattern of orange. The dark patches in between were houses.

He remembered a form he'd had to fill in not long ago. The first part was straightforward. "Allan Crawford. 2A Pomeroy Street. Age 27. Married. No children. Occupation—Clerk." Then it said: *Are you a householder?* And he'd written "No," and then watched the ink dry into the paper. It was strange how writing it down had made it seem permanent. It wasn't, of course. It was only until . . . until what? Until that deficit was money in the bank, which looked like being a long time.

At the bottom of the hill he turned into the main road, which was lit with sodium lights. There wasn't another living thing in sight. He shoved his hands deep into his raincoat pockets and started to hurry.

Hurry where? There was nowhere he had to go, nothing he had to do. It was three o'clock in the morning. His life was suspended until eight. He was nothing; it was all with Peggy now. He might as well not exist for five hours.

Just over the bridge there was an all-night café.

He pushed open the door and went inside.

He bought a cup of tea and, after a little hesitation, ten cigarettes and a box of matches. He sat on a rickety chair and studied the smooth, transparent wrapping. When they knew the baby was coming, he'd given up smoking to save a few extra shillings a week. Just ten wouldn't matter; they would see him through until he knew that everything was all right.

It was still only ten past three. He tried to think of something he ought to do.

His mother and father weren't in the town any more. His father had retired a few months before and taken a small house in Bournemouth. "Of course, we shall be farther away from you and Peggy," his mother had said gravely, "but we shall be nearer to Tom in Bristol. And we've always looked forward to living at the seaside, you know."

"I'm sure you're right, Mother," he said.

The truth was that they were like children about it. They had always been going to move to a seaside town. As a very small boy, he had heard them talking about it, intent, excited.

A small hotel? Well, perhaps they couldn't run to that yet . . . later maybe. But a guest house, a *nice* guest house, where pleasant people would come year after year? His mother's eyes would be bright, and her face alive with pleasure. With great care, his father would jot down rows of figures, add them up, add them up again, and then sit looking at them, a look of surprise on his face.

He was always surprised, although the figures must have been much the same every time.

When they moved away, Allan tried to get their house, but the property company wanted to sell it. Moreover, Peggy wasn't very enthusiastic. "Even if we could manage it," she said, "I wouldn't want to stay there very long. I like those new bungalows that are going up. . . ."

Allan went over to the counter. Through the door leading into a little back room he could see a newspaper spread on a table, a page occasionally turning itself over. He said loudly: "Another cup of tea, please."

He tried not to see the face of the clock on the wall, but the hands, motionless at half past three, seemed to thrust themselves at him. He wondered what was going on at the nursing home, but he couldn't imagine it at all.

The man who drew the cup of tea was in his shirt sleeves, the waistband of his trousers bulging. Allan tried to bring himself to the present, the now. He said: "You're not very busy tonight."

The man yawned. "I don't know that it's worth keeping open all night." He said hopefully: "Something to eat?"

"No, thanks." Allan felt impelled to apologize. "I just couldn't stomach it."

"This town's like a graveyard at night."

Allan retreated back into himself, into the only world that, just now, was real. There wasn't any point in disturbing them, his parents, not until he could tell them it was

Already Peggy's mind was a long way away. Crawford couldn't think of the right words, but he said: "See you later," and kissed her briefly

all over, one way or another. He shied away from analysing what he meant by that. An ugly mass of fear was there inside him. But he could keep it down by just living through the creeping minutes.

What else was there to think about? Well, he had to consider Peggy's people. He stared thoughtfully into the cup of thick, strong tea. He tried hard to like them, but there was no denying that relations were far from easy.

The interview, soon after the wedding, when he'd told his father-in-law that he was going back to his old job, had not been very pleasant. When Colonel Miller was convinced that he meant what he said, his brows knitted in a frown of exasperation, and he growled: "I simply don't understand it. Here you are, a pilot in the Royal Air Force. You're doing a decent job of work. Why you want to leave that and be a blessed clerk, I don't know."

It was no use. Colonel Miller never would understand. There were some things he never would understand himself. Why he'd volunteered for flying in the first place, for example. He'd been perfectly content in the office. He knew that he would have to do his National Service, but he always assumed that there would be equally comfortable offices in the army or the air force, as indeed there were.

When it came to the point, he volunteered for flying . . . he still wondered why. He would never understand, either, how he'd been accepted for flying, or successfully completed the course. It always would amaze him.

The clock said four. The wooden chair was growing hard and creaked uncomfortably as he shifted. He really couldn't stay here any longer.

Outside, the air was cold but pleasant after the thick stuffiness of the café. He began to walk towards the town centre. Nothing was moving yet.

He had met Peggy when he was stationed near Chelmsford. There was never any doubt about it. They just loved each other, and they saw no reason to wait. His mother said doubtfully, when he told her: "Isn't it a bit early for that, my son? You're not twenty-three yet."

"You were only twenty when you were married, Mother."

"But your father was older."

"How much older?" he asked, grinning, knowing perfectly well.

"Anyway, that's nothing to do with it. Times were different then."

Peggy had met with rather stiffer opposition, and in the end they waited six months before they married. But he knew that the uniform had a lot to do with his being acceptable.

And then, suddenly, he wasn't an officer; he was a clerk. As far as the colonel was concerned, he was also something of a fraud. He felt uneasily that there was some truth in that.

Colonel Miller worried round the subject for days afterwards. Once he said: "Perhaps later on I'll be able to bring you into partnership with me."

"What, on the farm?"

"Yes. When we're properly established."

"That's very kind of you."

He knew that the colonel had now got to the pipe-dream stage. When he retired from the army, he'd started a pig farm to keep himself occupied and supplement his pension. To his continual puzzlement, pigs didn't behave at all like soldiers. The farm lurched from one catastrophe to another; until now it was the pension that supplemented the pigs. . . .

He came to the bridge across the river and leaned on the parapet, looking down, unseeing.

It was all very well to say that he'd gone back to his proper job, and that the office was part of his background. He certainly hadn't appreciated what married life would be like on a smallish salary—the scraping, the economizing, the pretence that it was fun to go without.

What else could he have done? The air force? Allan shook his head slowly. He cordially detested service life, though he could never tell Colonel Miller that. What else then?

With a sudden gesture of frustration he pitched his cigarette into the bleak waters below. *Young man, twenty-seven, not much education, not much experience, wants enough money to buy house and keep wife and child in reasonable comfort. What offers?*

It was daylight when he got home. He went into the flat: two rooms, gas stove and share a bathroom. He stared round in distaste. This was no place to bring up a child.

THEY once went to look at a show bungalow on an estate to the east of the town. Peggy wandered round in a dream of delight, staring at the fitted kitchen, the wood-block floors, the central heating, the coloured bathroom suite, the suntrap windows. This was what she wanted.

There was only one trouble. The bungalow looked out across the Solent, and on the other side was spread all the new industrial development, the huge oil refinery, the rising factories, the great power station.

Peggy said: "I wouldn't want to look at that every day."

"We're doing similar places on the edge of the New Forest," the agent said, "if you would be interested in that."

Her face lit up. "I'd love that."

But they couldn't manage it. To get the necessary mortgage, he either had to have more money to put down, or a considerably higher income. He didn't have either. *Finis.*

At eight o'clock he was feverishly pressing his pennies into the telephone box and dialling. The sister said: "Your wife is very comfortable. Ring again at twelve o'clock."

"You mean nothing's happened yet?"

"Not yet. You may ring again at twelve."

Foolishly, he had imagined that eight o'clock was a sort of time limit, that it would be over by then. Now he might as well go to the office.

The morning dragged past, and at five to twelve he phoned again. The sister said kindly: "There's nothing to tell you, I'm afraid. Try again at four o'clock."

Allan gripped the receiver tightly. "Is she all right? Isn't it taking rather a long time?"

"We'll look after her, Mr. Crawford. Now don't worry."

He couldn't stand this any more. The office seemed trifling, useless. He had to get out and do something. He went into Mr. Wright's office, asked for the afternoon off, and told him why. Wright said: "Of course." He fiddled with a pencil. "I expect you'll find things a bit tight with a baby."

"I expect I shall."

Wright raised his head and looked at him through his spectacles. "I'm afraid our salary scales are based on the assumption that a man doesn't marry until he's about thirty. Still, by the time you're thirty-five you'll be all right."

Thirty-five! The baby would be eight years old; they might have others by then.

He went out and caught the bus for the oil refinery. He got out at the first place where some building was going on.

The wooden hut marked RECEPTION was battered outside, and remarkably luxurious inside. He said to the girl: "I want a job."

Inside the inner office, a big, smiling man said: "Hicks is my name. Pleased to see you." They shook hands. "Just the same, I'm afraid we don't need any clerical workers."

"I don't want clerical work. Look, Mr. Hicks, I'm in a rut and I want to get out of it. I'll do anything that will give me some money and a future. Anything."

"Do you mind heights?"

"I didn't when I was flying."

"This is different." Hicks jerked his head towards the window. "That sort."

Outside, a tangle of cables and girders rose into the air. High up, men clung like flies.

"I could do that." He thought: *I will do that. I will do anything. A Vampire was about that height on the final stages of its approach.* He said: "What can you earn—doing that?"

The answer shocked him. "That's more than my office manager makes," he said.

Hicks grinned. "It's not raining today. There's no ice today, there's no wind today. It's not exactly the safest of jobs. Do you still want to try it?"

"I don't want to try it. I want to do it."

"I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll start you, we'll train you and, if you look like being any good, we'll keep you. If not—you're out."

ON the bus going back, Allan was alternately amazed and appalled at himself. In one hour he'd changed his entire life. His father would be furious—no white collar attached to this job. He was completely unable to imagine what Colonel Miller would say.

When he got back to town, he telephoned again. This time the sister said brightly: "Congratulations, Mr. Crawford. You have a son. He was born at three o'clock."

"Peggy . . . is she all right? Can I see her?"

"She's fine. She's been asking for you."

He expected her to look ill and tired. She didn't. She looked wonderful. She said: "You've been a long time coming."

"I came straight away."

"Well it seems a long time, then. I wanted to see you so much."

"I was worried about you. I was afraid. . . ."

She squeezed him. "What for? People have babies. It's always happening."

"Not to me."

She said: "Sit down now and talk to me. I want to look at you. What have you been doing? Sleeping?"

"No, not exactly." He told her.

She smiled at him, her eyebrows raised. "Really," she said. "You are the most extraordinary man. I leave you for half a day and look what you do."

"Do you mind?" he asked anxiously.

"Mind? I think it's marvellous."

"I thought," he said casually, "we'd buy that bungalow in the New Forest. It would be convenient for work and better for the baby."

When she had finished hugging him again, he said: "If I make a go of this, we'll have to move around, you know. From one job to another."

"Darling, as long as it's with you, what does it matter?" She leaned over and took a bundle of clothes from the cot beside the bed. "And you haven't seen your baby yet." Buried in the clothes was a tiny, pink face, eyes clamped shut. She held him up. "There's your daddy," she said. "Isn't he a nice daddy?"

Crawford looked at his son. THE END

© *N. J. Crisp, 1958*

Abandoned harbour

Born of Sail; ignored by Steam
She lingers in bewildered dream
And though her tides return each day
Her peace is riddled with decay.

The old, tall ships with lofty spars
Have long since vanished from the seas
And blackened tramps with rusty scars
Have little time for creeks like these.

So all, as daylight hours grow thin,
That empty wharf and warehouse know
Is swish of ghostly crinoline
With shade of sailor lad in tow.

C. T. YELLAND

I was a first offender

by FLORENCE CHAPMAN

THE idea that a jeweller might be wise to what seemed the clever trick of switching a few diamond rings for Woolworth ones never occurred to me.

I had practised sleight of hand for weeks and I thought that I was pretty good. In fact, I had exchanged three rings before I became aware that the elderly shopkeeper was making signs to his girl assistant to lock the shop door.

"Ring the police while I watch her," he snapped, and I sat down rather quickly in the nearest chair; my legs had suddenly ceased to exist. *This couldn't be me,* I comforted myself as we waited in stony silence. The unreality of it made me observant.

I found myself watching the shopgirl's tense, excited face, and could see that she was rehearsing in her mind the telling of this adventure with a desperate female crook. I was almost tempted to make a dash for it, just to give her story a bit more colour. Why not? The door was only latched and the old jeweller seemed pretty feeble. Unfortunately, I still hadn't any legs.

A plain-clothes detective arrived after a few very long minutes. Neither the jeweller nor I could have guessed his identity if he hadn't produced an official-looking card. Still curiously outside myself, I noted his shabby grey suit, unremarkable face and rumpled hair, and his bicycle clips. It was only when he cut short the jeweller's incoherent jabbering that I recognized authority.

"I'll send a constable to take your statement presently," he told the old man decisively. Then, turning to me, he said: "In the meantime, would you like to turn out your pockets and handbag, or do I have to search you?"

I turned them out, and to my eyes all six diamond rings looked exactly alike. But the jeweller unerringly picked out the three real ones. I was suddenly tired of the whole business. "I switched them," I admitted. "I read it up in a book. I'm sorry." I was, but not half as sorry as when I heard the words read out in court. They sounded so silly.

The two men went into a huddle over the rings and the girl watched me like an angry viper. I think that she was cross with me for being so meek and with the detective for being so polite. He finished his business and came over to me.

"We'll go along to the station now," he said. "Are you going to be sensible or must I handcuff you?"

"Sensible," I said. "I just want to get it over." And we left the shop as if we were an engaged couple who had been choosing a ring.

He wheeled his bicycle nonchalantly with one hand, keeping his other quite lightly on my arm, and while we walked he told me gently how silly I was to try such an old trick. Whose idea was it? Not mine, surely. And why, with my education, was I so short of money that I had to steal?

How clever he was, with his casual manner and sympathetic questions! I found myself telling him the whole story. My easy life on

Three sparkling diamond rings. . . . Switching them took her just a moment, but it's taking longer to pay the high cost of crime

the money which my parents had left me. Driving around in my car, sitting in cafés, smoking, drinking and buying things I didn't need, just for the heck of it.

Then the incredible warning from the bank that I was overdrawn. Borrowing to pay the overdraft, and borrowing again to pay the debt. Descending from good hotels to bad ones, and from decent digs to squalid ones. From a car to buses and down to holes in my shoes. From pinching out of acquaintances' handbags to taking pennies from the plate in the Ladies.

And how, when a friend had offered me the use of a flat in a provincial town, I had thought that I could solve all my difficulties by swapping a few rings, and escaping back to London before anyone's suspicions were aroused.

I must have been the easiest prisoner he ever had to pump, and I could have gone on for ever. However, we had arrived at the police station.

There was a sergeant at a high desk in the bare room, with a telephone to his ear. He glanced at us, grinned, and then spoke into the mouthpiece. "I told you it was all right, sir. Our man has just brought her in." He put down the receiver and turned to my detective. "Compliment for you. The jeweller chap thought you were one of a gang pulling a fast one to get the girl away."

I, who had hardly smiled for months, found myself joining in the general mirth. But they brought me down to earth with the fingerprint pad.

I need not have my prints taken until after I had appeared before the magistrate, they explained, still friendly over cups of tea. But they would have to investigate my background and if it were really my first offence, it would pay me to co-operate.

I did, because, although I had done plenty of dishonest things, I knew I had no criminal background from their point of view. But I hated it. It seemed to write *THIEF* all over me. I felt that I would never get the stain off my fingers.

After that I was on the defensive as they questioned me. At last the sergeant handed me a typescript. "Read it through," he warned, as I automatically took out my pen to sign. How right he was. My own words, faithfully recorded, seemed to give the impression that I had spent the last few years in a vacuum, without making contact with a single human being.

"Not quite the whole story?" suggested the detective.

"It's what I said," I conceded, "but not what I meant at all."

So we started again and this time they produced a document which I was prepared to sign, though it still made curious reading. They told me the charge would be "larceny by trick" and I could choose whether I would be dealt with by the magistrate or sent for trial.

By now I had complete faith in the goodwill of the police so I asked their advice. Instantly they became stiff and official. It was not their business to advise a prisoner. But my detective said that if he were me he would take a chance on the magistrates.

"Unless," he added hastily, "you haven't told the whole truth, in which case you had better reserve your defence and ask for legal aid."

I had no defence and I had told the truth, so I plumped for the magistrates. Then I was led by a silent constable along a dim corridor.

I suppose the cell was a normal size, but it allowed only about six steps one way and four the other, and it contained nothing at all but a wooden bench with a lumpy palliasse, a hard pillow and a meagre pile of grey army blankets. I noticed at once that it was impossible to see out of the window.

I lay down on the bench and relaxed, glad to be alone. It was some time before I remembered Pippi, my poodle, shut up in my room.

I must do something about him at once. But I seemed to have the entire block of cells to myself. A shout only echoed back alarmingly from the stone walls, and knocking on the door with my shoe produced hardly any sound at all, but I continued to batter and shout in mounting panic.

When the door did finally clang open it was

Continued on page 29

MISS PA

PRIVATE

by CLIVE B

ILLUSTRATED BY

Alexandra looked Grant in the eyes. "This road is private," she said. "If you want to come back through this gate, I'm afraid you must pay me five shillings a vehicle"

STON'S

WAR

IRNLEY

ANCETT

The wild Fargo blonde was rallying to attack the enemy from Dunchester—with a full-scale siege, a shotgun and a savage dog

ALEXANDRA PASTON was eighteen at the time; a strong, straight-backed, straw-haired girl who could make a wolf-whistle tail off to an apologetic sigh with one scornful glance from her blue eyes.

The wildest stories were told about what happened at Fargo's the afternoon she blew up the Daffodil Rally of the Dunchester Motor Club. But the truth was even wilder, and here it is.

A car rally of this type is a highly unproductive caper in which motorists play a complicated game over several counties. Competitors, armed with maps and accompanied by their navigators, set off at intervals, each carrying a card bearing a number of map references with a question against each, such as: *Name of shop? Date on wall? Number of benchmark?* And so on.

The idea is that, after identifying the points on the map, they should drive from one to another by the shortest route they can find in the quickest time they can make, record the required information as proof of arrival and finally return to the starting point, the man with the best time receiving a silver cigarette case for himself and a pewter tankard for his navigator.

The Dunchester Motor Club had organized this particular thing with great care. Where they went most seriously wrong was the map reference 775254, where competitors were required to note the number on an electricity supply pole.

The map showed that there was only one possible means of reaching the precise spot indicated, namely by turning off the Upcorn road down a dead end lane which ran slap through the yard of Fargo's Farm. Organizers and competitors alike were deceived by the appearance of this lane, which was nicely metalled in tarmacadam, without any notice reading PRIVATE or even BEWARE OF THE DOG.

Out of a field of eighteen, only eight cars reached the place at all, most of the rest being hopelessly foxed at Leddington by the second of the organizers' mistakes—a trifling matter of typing a five instead of a three. And of these eight, five, the first arrivals, actually got through to the pole, noted its number, and escaped clear away.

But by then Alexandra, who lived at Fargo's Farm, was distinctly annoyed. In the space of about half an hour five cars had roared through the farmyard along the indubitably private road, scattering dust and poultry, and then, before either had settled, had driven back again.

Alexandra determined to take action.

The last three cars to arrive did so in a fairly tight bunch. They turned into the lane, swirled through Fargo's, followed the metalled surface until it deteriorated into gravel and ashes and finally ended in a ploughed field. Here the navigators identified the pole, and hastily wrote down the number it bore stamped on a disc of zinc. Then, turning with difficulty, the cars retraced their tyre-marks to the road.

Very soon they came again to the place where the lane ran through the farm. On their left was the discreet Georgian façade of the farmhouse, with ivy licking up its edges and its tall brick chimneys silhouetted against the eggshell blue sky; on their right were the outbuildings, the dutch barn, the implement sheds and stables.

But also, directly in front of them, closed across the road, and very obviously chained and padlocked, was a five-barred gate. Standing immediately behind this obstruction, wearing fawn jodhpurs which concealed her outline and a bright blue sweater which did not, stood Alexandra, a look of cool hostility on her face.

The leading car was the handsome blue Martin Viper Six which Grant Nettlebury, the son of the biggest shop owner in Dunchester, was driving; beside him, as navigator, was his uncle, Ted Carlow.

Grant got out and walked up to the gate.

"What do you want?" asked Alexandra.

Now Grant was tall and handsome; he was aware of this and accordingly beamed in the over-cordial way that experience had taught him was charm, and said, what was indeed obvious, that he wanted to come through.

"This road is private," answered Alexandra, looking him directly in the eyes. "Cars have been coming through here this afternoon without permission and at a dangerous speed. And they've done a certain amount of damage—frightening stock, cracking the manhole cover over the stopcock and other things."

"I'm very sorry," said Grant, "I——"

"So am I," Alexandra told him. "And I don't see why we should be the losers just because there are some trespassers you can't keep out without laying a minefield. If you want to come back through this gate, I'm afraid you must pay me five shillings a vehicle."

BY this time Stan Crudgett was arriving in his grey Delaunay Eight and was hooting angrily. As assistant works manager at a bottle-top factory he had cultivated that ruthlessness which he knew to be essential in a captain of industry—only with him it was generally rudeness. Behind him was the green Stutz utilicon driven by Rory Post, with Dick Highsmith, the dentist, as navigator.

"You see," Grant was explaining, "we're members of the Dunchester Motor Club and——"

"I don't care if you're members of parliament," said Alexandra firmly, "it'll cost you five shillings just the same."

"I won't stand for this," shouted Crudgett, leaping from his car. "Break the gate open."

Alexandra merely cast a glance over her left shoulder.

They saw what she meant. Twenty feet away, Louis the tractor driver sat on a bale of straw whetting a bean hook. He had flaming ginger hair and the cords on his bare arms were the sort of thing you expect to see on heroic statuary, not in real life. Chained to a post beside him was a black, barrel-chested Labrador. It was clear that Alexandra negotiated from a position of strength.

Grant grinned. It was temperamentally impossible for him to be angry with a girl like Alexandra Paston. "You win," he said, "we'll pay up like men."

Rory took the same view, but Crudgett said he would report the matter to the police, and consult his solicitors. But in the end he paid up and, as soon as released, drove off in a tantrum.

That the other cars did not follow his example was primarily due to the fact that Uncle Ted Carlow, Grant's navigator, happened to remark casually to Alexandra that the farmhouse was a

lovely bit of Georgian architecture and that he was sure it contained a wonderful flagged kitchen, long panelled drawing-rooms and other delights.

Miss Paston agreed; it had all those things. If he were really interested she would show him over the house. And, to Mr. Carlow's intense surprise, the idea was warmly supported by Grant, Rory and Dick Highsmith; they were too late now to hope for an award in the rally.

As far as Grant was concerned, it was merely a matter of priorities; one did not meet a girl like Alexandra every week. Rory's reasons were more complex. For him life was a series of jolly ruses and stratagems; and he always tried to even scores. He thought that he might find an opportunity in the house—even if it were only by asserting that the Sheraton furniture was bogus. And Highsmith always trailed along with Rory.

Rory's opportunity was to come much sooner and more completely than he had imagined. Alexandra showed the four men into just such a kitchen as Carlow had imagined, wide and flagged and beam-ceilinged; here she left them for a moment and recrossed the yard to speak to Louis and, as soon as she had left, Rory bolted the door, chuckling.

Alexandra came back in a few minutes and jiggled the latch.

"Put five shillings through the letter-box," shouted Rory, "and I'll let you in."

It raised a laugh.

"Open this door," commanded Alexandra. "At once! Open it!"

"Dick," whispered Rory, to Highsmith, "nip through the house and lock any other doors. We'll show her."

Highsmith did even better. He not only shut the doors, but he found that all the ground floor windows had internal shutters folded in the width of their thick walls; these he closed until the lower windows were all battened and lights had to be put on.

When he returned to the kitchen, parleying had ceased; Alexandra had gone off somewhere and Rory and Grant were mightily amused by the whole thing.

Not so Ted Carlow. He was a responsible citizen and he felt particularly badly because it was on his account that they had been invited into the house at all.

"A joke's a joke," he said uncertainly, "Don't take it too far, now."

"Rest easy," said Rory. "We won't do that. We'll just show the little lady that two can play at this game—or even six. When she tries again we'll open up. Have a cigarette."

But after that cigarette had been smoked, Alexandra had still not returned, and Ted Carlow decided that it was time to call the thing off. Accordingly, he opened the door and stepped out. . . .

He came back instantly in a blaspheming heap with the turn-up of his left gaberdine trouser slapping loose round his ankle like a kind of bangle. They slammed the door on the muzzle of the black Labrador.

"Now who's taking it too far?" demanded Rory indignantly. "Setting wild dogs on us. The girl's mad."

"I don't know," said Grant. "Look at it from her angle. She's alone here and four strange men turn her out of the house and take possession by what amounts to force. No, I don't blame her; I rather admire her—I don't think she's the sort to take anything lying down."

"And neither am I," said Rory. "But it's sudden death to step outside that door. What are we going to do about it?"

After some debate, the four men decided to view the situation from an upstairs window. Any lingering trace of amusement was wiped off their faces as soon they looked out. Their cars had disappeared—the drivers now recalled that they had both left their ignition keys in their dashboards. In the yard the red-headed Louis was standing guard with a double-barrelled sporting gun handy against his hip; he was grinning in the not altogether jovial manner of a man who likes a good fight and smells one.

The black Labrador padded about restlessly at his feet. A foxy-faced little jockey of a fellow carrying what looked like a .22 rifle was going round to the back of the house, followed by a prick-eared Alsatian. And a stolid character with a Hindenburg face and a pickaxe haft in his leathern hand was moving round to cover the front.

"This is quite absurd," said Ted Carlow, opening the window. "You there!" he called to Louis. "Call your dog off and let us out of the house. Don't you know the whole thing's a joke?"

"Maybe it is," said Louis, patting his gun stock. "Only I reckon it looks a lot funnier from this end. You'll come out when we say so."

"Where are the cars?" Grant demanded.

"Dunno," answered Louis. "Miss Alexandra took 'em. I dare say she's run 'em over Tarkley Quarry. It's a fifty-foot face there with a couple of fathom of water at the bottom."

"Stop this nonsense at once," shouted Highsmith in the voice of command he had learned in his school cadet corps. "Let us out immediately and don't argue."

"If you talk to me in that tone of voice again," said Louis, raising his shotgun, "I'll give you a dose of the lead pellet measles, and to hell with the winders."

It was obviously no use talking to the fellow.

A little later they saw Alexandra come back up the farm lane on foot, take a Land-Rover from one of the outbuildings and drive off in that. What the devil was the girl up to?

Time passed, very slowly.

"I don't like it," said Grant at last. "This larking about with dogs and shotguns—it's dangerous. We ought to stop it before somebody gets hurt."

"I had the same idea about World War Two," said Rory. "I couldn't stop that either."

"If I could get out of this place," Grant went on, "I'd be able to break up the party—if, say, I could get to the nearest village." He was thinking of the generally chastening effect that blue uniforms have. "Listen," he went on. "If I could slip out of the back door without being seen, I could reach that hedge behind the paddock there and sneak off along it into that wood on the left. Then I could get to the road easily. After all, I once did a commando course. . . .

"Let's try it. Rory, if you and Dick stage some sort of diversion from these front windows to bring the guards round, then Uncle Ted can let me out of the back door and bolt it after me."

After some thought and investigation, the nature of the diversion was agreed upon. A sack of potatoes was discovered in the pantry. This was carried upstairs and emptied into two heaps of about equal size in two of the front bedrooms—it didn't do the carpets any good—and Dick and Rory took station at their windows. They were going to enjoy this.

When the barrage opened, Louis was leaning casually against a fence rolling himself a cigarette, confident of his command of the situation. He was too big to miss and hits were registered at once. He became in a few seconds more ginger than ever, as the result of a half-pound King Edward making his nose bleed.

The Labrador, similarly pelted, alternately roared with fury and yelped with anguish. Louis was no quieter, shouting threats at the top of an extremely powerful voice and scrambling for potatoes to hurl back.

That was how the first two windows were smashed. The third went when Louis actually did fire his gun. Perhaps he aimed high, perhaps not; in any event the window and a dressing-table mirror were shattered.

It was soon over. The defenders' only casualties were a bruise or two acquired in diving for cover and two scratches on Dick's arm that he swore were shot wounds. The besiegers withdrew out of range, but the operation had succeeded in its purpose; Grant got clear away and eventually, lacerated by quickthorn and splashed with mud, succeeded in reaching the road.

Uncle Ted Carlow was by now very greatly alarmed by the whole business. Guns going off, windows smashing—the possible consequences terrified him.

A sudden inspiration came to his aid; why had he not thought of it before? He searched the house until he found the telephone in the front hall, lifted the receiver and said into the instrument: "Police."

The official voice at the other end lost something of its matter-of-fact tone when it learned that the caller was besieged and under gunfire.

"Hold on. We'll be right over. . . ."

The quite absurd affair at Fargo's was now approaching its even more ridiculous climax.

The sun had fallen low and red, turning all the landscape pink, so that the haystacks looked like piles of grated beetroot, and every now and again the lurking Labrador's eyes glowed like hot coals.

In this crimson twilight Miss Alexandra Paston's Land-Rover came roaring to a stop in the yard before the house. From one side emerged Alexandra; from the other, Police Constable Alfred Pettiwell, still wearing his bicycle clips. Alexandra had sought him all over Tarkley Magna.

P.C. Pettiwell had waxed moustaches, and was altogether a portly and rather obsolete figure, but he knew his duty. He strode over to the kitchen door and knocked such a resounding series of blows that all the crockery tinkled. It was still tinkling when a second vehicle, a large black car swept into the farmyard. Out of it leaped three flat-capped policemen and Grant Nettlebury who, while trudging towards Dunchester on the main road, had met a patrol car.

"That's one of 'em," Grant cried, pointing to Louis.

"Drop that gun," shouted a sergeant.

Louis gave up. He put his hands in the air and let the weapon fall with a clatter, a senseless thing to do. One barrel went off, punctured a car tyre and put a pellet in a policeman's calf.

The constabulary leaped upon Louis and had his arms twisted behind his back in a couple of seconds. The Labrador rushed right and left, snapping at everybody, and drew blood at least once before he was finally secured

Why Not A Mystery Tour?

It's not a very nice afternoon for the beach, is it, John? What about a mystery tour?

Where to?

They mostly stop at a pub, if that's what you're worried about. I'll sit outside with the children.

I know the kind of pub—six bars and only two barmen. The only one who gets a drink is the driver, and then he expects you to give him a tip.

Mrs. Bridges went on a very nice mystery tour. They saw Gilbert Harding in Brighton.

You know Mr. Clark at the office? Well, he went on a mystery tour too, and they were stuck in a traffic jam at Widdecombe-in-the-Moor for two hours, listening to Mrs. Dale's Diary.

Mrs. Dale's Diary doesn't last two hours.

He said the whole of Dartmoor was so busy it was like chucking-out time at the White City.

I hope he never climbs Ben Nevis. He might find a crowd at the top.

It's not much fun riding in a coach, really. What

SHORT

with children flying balloons out of the window and making faces at motorists, and couples in the back seats——

Mrs. Bridges sat next to some terribly nice people from Walsall. They lived in the same street as her married daughter.

If they're such nice people in Walsall, why don't we go there for our holidays?

I seem to remember you once went three hundred miles in a coach to see a football match in Glasgow. That must have been pretty awful for you.

There's no comparison. We all knew each other, for one thing.

And you managed to get quite a few drinks along the Great North Road, from what I heard.

All right, all right. But isn't there anything else we can do?

Well, there's housey-housey and knobbly knees, and a glamorous grandmother contest——

What's on at the pictures?

There's an "A" at the Ritz, an "X" at the Carlton and it's Donald Duck repertory week at the Bijou.

That settles it. We're all going on a mystery tour.

E. S. TURNER

Other People's Letters

Respected Paternal Relative, I write to make a request of the most moderate nature. Every year I have cost you an enormous—nay elephantine—sum of money for drugs and physician's fees, and the most expensive time of the twelve months was March.

But this year the biting Oriental blasts, the howling tempests, and the general ailments of the human race have been successfully braved by yours truly.

Does not this deserve remuneration? . . .

My sense of generosity forbids the receipt of more—my sense of justice forbids the receipt of less —than half a crown.

Greeting from, Sir, your most affectionate and needy son.

Who wrote this letter? See foot of last column.

Deckchair Drill

First put the serrated piece
Face upwards on the ground,
Then bring the bar (the bit
That has no canvas flapping round)
Firmly over the top
(Or push the whole lot through it)
Quite a simple job,
Until you come to do it

WILLIAM CLARKE

Summing Up

At this point, Members of the Jury, Mr. Hope was leaning out of his window shouting to attract attention, Mrs. Hope was belabouring him with a framed portrait of her Uncle Thomas, under the impression that he was the marauder, and Josephine Hope was changing into other night attire with the intention, she told us, of making a good impression on the burglar and of softening his heart.

Meanwhile the dog Futile had appeared in the bedroom holding a piece of velvet material, apparently torn from a suit of Edwardian style. Indignant protests were heard coming from the foot of the stairs, and you will have to decide whether the voice was the prisoner's. He claims, you will remember, to be suffering from laryngitis.

Mr. Hope's cries now attracted the attention of a neighbour Mr. Lick, who had been on bad terms with him for some time. The disagreement started, we were told, with a dispute over the laws of cricket, Mr. Lick holding the view that a batsman could not be run-out off a no-ball, and could continue running indefinitely. Mr. Lick just laughed heartily and went back to bed.

Next we come to the evidence of Mrs. Hope's sister Kate, who was returning from a Fancy Dress Dance which she had attended in the character of a policewoman. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

I Wonder

I wonder, if I planted weeds
From little packets full of seeds
And fertilized and irrigated
With loving labour unabated
And stirred the earth around their roots
And shielded well their tender shoots
And kept their leaves correctly sprayed
With stuff for which I dearly paid
And hoed away the plants nearby,
I wonder, would the weeds all die?

RICHARD ARMOUR

Foreign Affairs

Sharon Parker, standing in for the regular secretary of the Dayton, Ohio, Third Street Baptist Church Sunshine Circle for Young People, was asked to read the last minutes. "Twenty minutes, six seconds," said Parker, and sat down amidst a strained silence.

A man bustled into a Richmond, Virginia, police station to report the theft of his car. "Your name?", asked the station sergeant. "Sherlock Holmes," was the unexpected—and true—reply.

Multi-millionaire James West of Houston, Texas, had a mania for collecting silver dollars. On his death his executors found more than £100,000 in coins in the cellar of his mansion. An armoured car made seven trips to the bank with the cash—which made a pile five feet high and covered eighty square feet.

The letter in column two was written by Robert Louis Stevenson to his father in 1866.

Starke's Holiday Guide Book

"In most of the hotels there is no deduction for absence from meals"

and tied to a gatepost. P.C. Pettiwell stood petrified at the farmhouse door.

But there was more to come. The riot in the yard was at its height when a second, even larger, even blacker car drove smartly up to the farm. From this also poured police, those who had come in answer to Uncle Ted Carlow's telephone call. These officers began asking what the trouble was, but their colleagues did not know.

Now there were seven policemen of various ranks at Fargo's, an impressive assembly: too impressive for the little ferret-faced man, who was somewhat simple-minded and had once been bound over to keep the peace; he suddenly took to his heels across country. Two constables pursued him and brought him back, all three plastered with mud from the ploughland.

Rory and Dick and Ted Carlow now came out of the house. Soon a dozen people were talking at once, all determined to be heard. Alexandra was explaining to one knot of police that her home had been forcibly seized by four men who had obviously wrecked it, as witness the broken windows; she had no doubt that they had smashed the Minton ware, pulled out the wall safe and torn up her brother's stamp collection. She demanded their instant arrest.

Rory was telling another group that he and his friends had been imprisoned, attacked by savage dogs and shot at; their cars had been stolen and pushed over a quarry. Highsmith was exhibiting the scratches on his arm. Uncle Ted hovered from group to group, pleading for calm. Louis called the sergeant of police a Fascist storm-trooper. The ferret-faced man said he hadn't been there at all; it was all lies.

Only Grant Nettlebury took no part in this clamour; he leaned against a fence, smoked a pipe and watched—particularly he watched Alexandra.

The police had just reached the point of ordering silence; in consequence there was a moment's hush. In that pause was heard the sound of yet another vehicle changing gear as it approached the farm.

"Must be the flying squad," said Rory, "direct from Scotland Yard. Or the fire brigade."

But it was in fact Colonel Hubert Paston, Alexandra's father, returning from Iverbury market in a serene and contented frame of mind. His pigs had sold nicely; he felt certain his barley was better than Hodgkinson's; he'd arranged to hire the drain-digger for Six Acre Bottom; his wife had telephoned him at the King's Head to say that Aunt Madge was much better and she'd be coming home tomorrow; he'd had a damned good lunch and a certain amount of damned good liquor —it had been a good day.

But what in heaven's name was this? His farmyard full of a shouting mob? Police—scores of police. Broken glass. People plastered with mud. Potatoes lying about; guns. Two of his best hands apparently under arrest and blood all over Louis's face. . . .

He was so utterly taken aback that he forgot what he was doing and drove straight at the asbestos-sheeted seed shed, into which, with crackling noises, he disappeared.

It was, as you will imagine, some time before anything like order was completely restored. The inspector of police sent all his men away but three, shepherded everyone else into the farm kitchen, and began his inquiry. It was a great credit to him, as well as to the others concerned, that within about ninety minutes the whole thing had been more or less straightened out.

What contributed most of all to this was a statement that Grant made after consulting his friends.

"Colonel Paston," he said, "nothing looks less funny than a practical joke that fizzles. We apologize for what happened and we can only say it wasn't what we intended. But never mind who's to blame for what; if we hadn't come trespassing here, there wouldn't have been any trouble.

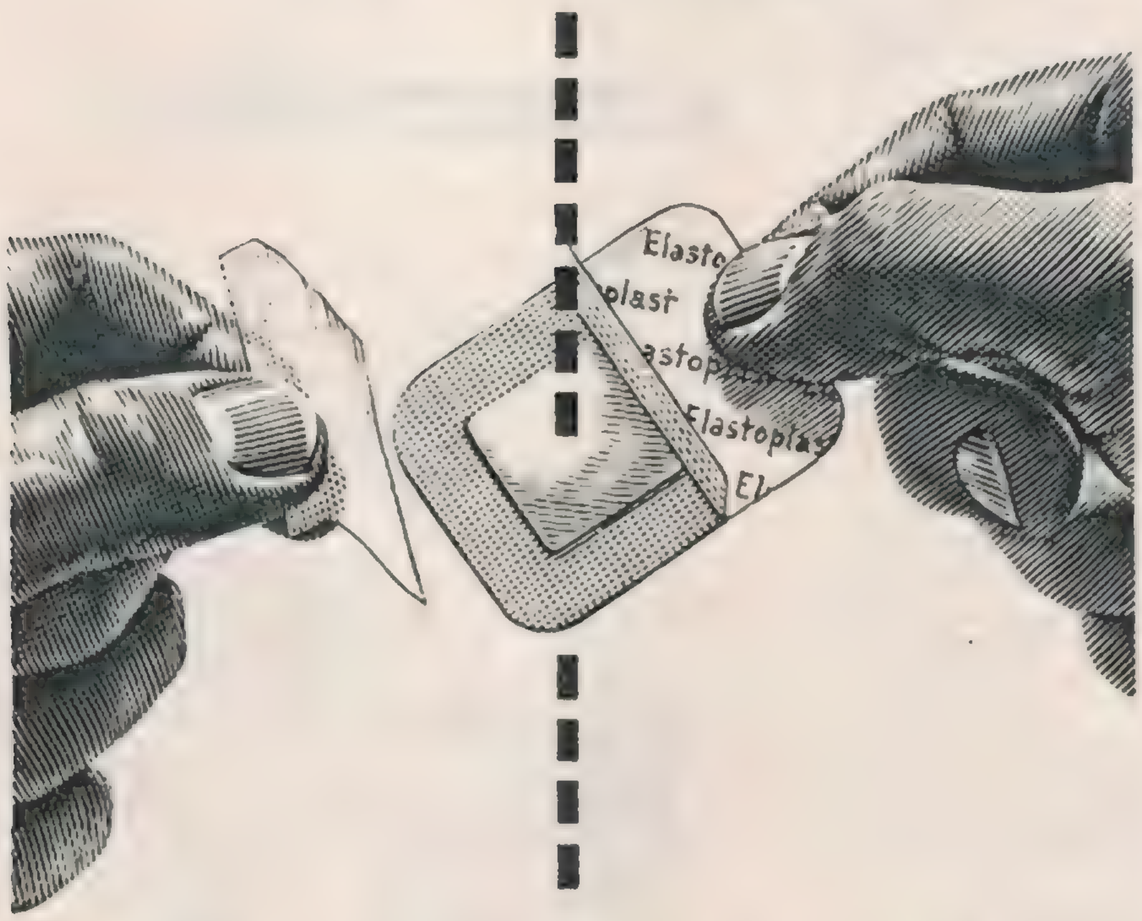
"Therefore we'll undertake to pay for repairs to all the damage, everything. If we can use your telephone I think we can get a man over from Dunchester who'll put your windows in for you tonight, before you go to bed. We're sorry and we'll do all we can to put it right."

"Well, now," said the colonel—he was not a very regimental type of man and was still a little dizzy from the whole affair—"that seems a fair offer, under all the circumstances."

"There's also the police side to this," put in the inspector dryly, consulting his notebook. "Let me see—I could bring some thirty charges against seven people."

"Unless," suggested Grant, "you

ELASTOPLAST
has everything
you need
for safety



This yellow pad
is your safeguard

The moment you put on an Elastoplast dressing you have extra protection. The Elastoplast yellow pad is impregnated with Domiphen Bromide B.P.C., an antiseptic specially selected because it has exceptional germicidal power. Doctors and hospitals rely on Elastoplast. It gives you quick safe healing.

Elastoplast

FABRIC AND WATERPROOF 10½d. AND 1/9 · AIRSTRIP 1/- AND 2/- an S&N product

would prefer instead to allow me to double my usual donation to the police sports fund."

"And that, Mr. Nettlebury," said the inspector, "sounds like another fair offer."

It was at this moment that a knock was heard at the door, an authoritative knock, and Louis, who was nearest, opened it. Framed in the doorway was yet another policeman, a fresh-faced young officer with his chinstrap over his lips.

"There are two cars parked on the high road by the farm entrance without lights," he said. "A Stutz estate wagon and a Martin Viper. Does anybody here——?"

The young constable could never understand why everyone burst out laughing; he was particularly astonished when he realized that those laughing loudest were none other than Inspector Barnet and Sergeant Copstake.

The fact was that the appearance of still more police, at that exact moment when tension was beginning to slacken, appealed to everyone as uproariously ludicrous. It was most aptly timed. With the very greatest relief they threw back their heads and laughed—the colonel; Alexandra; the members of the motor club; the police; the farmhands. All at once the practical joke—both

GUESTS—I

When there is room in the heart there is room in the house.

Danish Proverb

practical jokes — became once again delightfully funny. In the sudden rush of cordiality, the colonel fetched bottles and glasses.

None laughed about it all more heartily than Alexandra. But, besides being pretty, this girl was practical.

"Mr. Nettlebury," she said, "you've agreed to pay for the damage and it's good of you to do it without arguing. But I wouldn't like there to be any arguing later when the bills begin to come in. Wouldn't it be a good idea if I got a notebook and we went over the place now and agreed exactly what the damage is? We can both sign the list and keep copies."

Grant could think of nothing that appealed to him more than the thought of going over any place at any time with Alexandra.

"An excellent idea," he said. "Lead on."

They went over the house, Alexandra counting the broken panes, noting the shattered mirror; the carpets which required cleaning; writing it all down neatly in her book with a ballpoint pen.

"Three panes here. You agree, Mr. Nettlebury?"

He agreed everything. He had never before met anyone quite like Alexandra. It was not merely that she was attractive; it was her directness, a certain force of character, that made her unique. He felt sure that nobody would ever kick her around, or make her marry a man she did not love, or betray a loyalty she had accepted, or forgo a penny she thought was rightfully hers.

Having finished in the house, Alexandra found a torch and they went across to the ruined seed shed. It was a warm night, cloudily dim, filled with puckish little breezes.

"This three-by-two timber frame needs replacing," said Alexandra. "And two asbestos sheets—no, four. And that's the lot."

"Good," said Grant. "I agree the list. And the position is that, if we pay for those repairs you've got down there . . . well, you'll be satisfied."

"Yes," agreed Alexandra. "I'd like to say that I think you've been quite generous. I was a little to blame myself, after all."

"Perhaps," said Grant. "But, Miss Alexandra, we haven't quite finished. It's my turn now to make a list of the damage I've suffered. I wonder if you'll be as generous with mine as I was with yours."

"Damage *you've* suffered?" Alexandra said. "What damage?"

"Irreparable damage," Grant told her. "Very nearly fatal damage. Unfortunately, it's not the sort of injury that you can assess in pounds sterling. After all, what is the value of a man's peace of mind?"

"Only a psychiatrist could tell you."

"Before I came to your farm this afternoon," Grant went on, "I was a fine, selfish, devil-may-care young bucko. Or I thought I was. But that's all gone. It went just as soon as I saw you on the other side of that gate."

"I wonder what you mean," Alexandra said. But the smile Grant could see on her face in the edge of the torchlight suggested that she knew.

"I'm like you, Alexandra," he told her. "Practical, hard-headed. You want right and proper payment for the injuries you've suffered—so do I." He took her hand. "If you want to argue, you'd better whistle for those wild dogs of yours."

But a girl cannot whistle while she is being kissed; and, as Alexandra had only proposed the joint assessment of damage in the expectation that it might conclude in this manner, she had no desire to do so. THE END

© *Clive Burnley, 1958*

"Did you see where I put the boiled eggs?"

A John Bull complete book extract

Nurse on the district

by JOANNA JONES

I help to bring health and to mend broken lives. I have shared in misery, happiness and the joys of romance

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

A London nurse on her rounds. Joanna Jones left a village to work as a nurse in London

SHE was a magnificent, florid woman with a voice that deserved to be used on the operatic stage rather than in rural byways. Her gestures were sweeping, her manner overwhelming.

She was quite a character, the Honourable Mrs. Jasper. She was a representative of a fine old tradition that is now dying.

She was an absolute pest.

Within two weeks of her moving into the Manor at Blandley, our village, with her husband and two daughters, the local doctor sent me to call on her. There was going to be an addition to the family.

The two previous children had been born in expensive nursing homes, but this time the good lady had decided she would have her baby at home.

"It's all the thing nowadays, isn't it?" she said to me when I first met her. "And really, those awful places charge the earth."

She settled herself down among her pillows, ready for a cosy little chat. She still had three months to go, and I could see no reason why she should spend half the day in bed, but she insisted on doing so; and then, being so bored, she wanted me to visit her every day and listen to her woes. That, in her view, was what district nurses were for.

The three months passed very slowly. . . .

At last the Jaspers had their heir—a nice little boy with a threatening echo of his mother in the very first sound he made.

I was invited to the christening, and went up to the Manor afterwards. I shuffled between two rooms, picking up cheese-and-gherkin fragments from various trays.

Suddenly there came a remarkable noise. A deep booming resounded through the room. I edged forward as everybody else clustered into a corner.

"Darling, that's the highest-fi I ever heard," said a voice.

I stood at Mrs. Jasper's elbow. She reached forward and twiddled a knob, and now her new radiogram produced an even louder blast of sound.

"But, darling," said a thin blonde on the other side of my hostess, "however could you afford such a glorious set?"

"I bought it," said Mrs. Jasper, "with the money I saved by having the district nurse."

It was at that moment that I began to think hard about leaving Blandley. I had been the district nurse for quite a while now, and was growing restless. I was not sure that I was doing any good. Who would miss me if I went?

I had the feeling that if all the facilities of the National Health Service were withdrawn from the area, the tenor of life would change very little. People with coughs could just cough. The women, instead of sending for me, would have their babies in the good old primitive way, and be back at the sink before tea-time. The children would be grubby and, in all probability, a lot more capable of resisting disease.

But in the city . . . well, the city was

SO MUCH MORE VALUE

SO MUCH MORE
in mileage, silence and grip.

SO MUCH MORE
in cornering stability, even wear and comfortable riding.

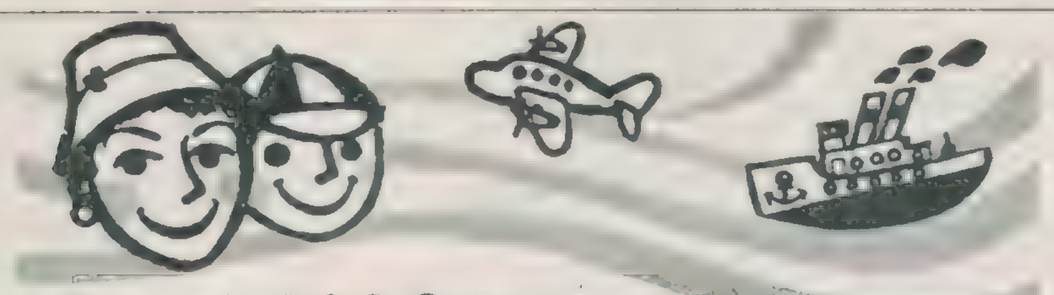
SO MUCH MORE
in all-round value.

That is why it was immediately fitted as standard equipment by the majority of British motor car manufacturers.

THE New **DUNLOP** 'Gold Seal' Tyre

* This new tyre is also available in Heavy Duty construction in all popular sizes.

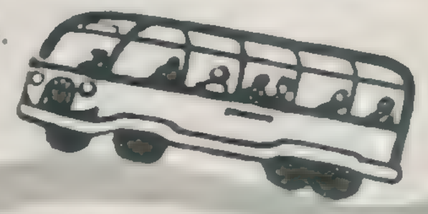
DM 115



Travel sick? Get your

'SEA-LEGS' *before you go!*

24-hour protection in one dose.
Safe for children.
No after-effects.
16 tablets—2/6.
From your chemist.



A BDH PRODUCT

A MUST FOR MOTHERS-TO-BE

. . . is the medically-approved exercise routine so clearly illustrated in the easy-reference pullout booklet "Keep Fit for Motherhood" included inside every copy of MOTHER's August number, now on sale. By following these easy exercises you can do so much to ensure a healthy pregnancy and a happy, natural birth. Other important features in this month's MOTHER, the magazine of happy marriage, include Nurse Williams's advice on Mixed Feeding, a bargain pattern offer, new knitteds and special recipes for quickly-prepared dishes. Get your copy of August MOTHER today, it's only 1/3, and . . . place a regular order for MOTHER every month.

MOTHER

I'm thrilled! with

JAPLAC

2 to 4 HOUR LACQUER

Let me tell you WHY:

★ It simply flows on—dries quickly!
★ Makes the whole room gay!
★ One coat covers—no brushmarks
★ Ideal for all woodwork & furniture

Many colours. ½ pt., ¼ pt., Pints and Tinlets

WITHSTANDS BOILING WATER

Stocked by all Paint Dealers and Ironmongers

different. *There* one would be at grips with reality.

My mother had died; no longer did I have the responsibility of looking after her. So I decided to plunge, as many lonely people have plunged, into the turmoil of London. It would be harsh and impersonal; it would be noisy; it would be invigorating. I knew what I was doing. Or so I thought.

Arrangements were made without too much trouble. County Hall proved sympathetic and co-operative. I made a final tour of all my patients, and several of them wept over me. I wept back a little.

Then I headed for the capital. . . .

The centre which served the district to which I had been allocated consisted of three Georgian houses run together. In the middle of the afternoon, when the district nurses had a couple of hours for relaxation, the pavement was almost blocked by their bicycles.

It was a sign, I suppose, of my disordered state of mind at the time that I was willing to give up my little car for the perils of a push-bike. London nurses make their rounds on two wheels, not on four; unless, that is, they are incapable of balancing on a bicycle, or are scared of traffic, in which case they travel by bus and claim a refund at the end of every month.

I presented myself at the centre every morning ready for the day's orders.

Each nurse had a segment of streets to cover. She looked after the usual bedridden regulars, and each day there would be new patients, passed on by local doctors together with instructions for treatment.

Miss Smith, the superintendent, a tall, rosy-cheeked woman with a cold voice and an incongruously hysterical laugh, handed out our slips at 8.30 a.m., giving details of the new patients. Then off we would go on our rounds, weaving in and out of the traffic, and terrifying the bus-drivers out of their lives.

The centre covered a mixed district including, at one end, a warren of barracks called by such resounding names as Hallelujah Buildings and Theodore Thistlethwaite Buildings, and at the other end expensive houses

GUESTS—2

A pretty woman is a welcome guest.

Byron

where the district nurse was supposed to use the tradesman's entrance.

Wednesday of my second week was a fairly typical day.

I started out on a windy morning with twelve visits to do. There were two insulin injections, one dressing for a varicose ulcer, a Mersalyl injection for a heart case, and the usual batch of "general attention" jobs, involving blanket baths, eye drops—and a great deal of sympathetic nodding as moans and grievances came pouring out.

I had to climb to the third floor of a decrepit, rambling house to visit a family who boasted—or, rather, endured—four children of ages ranging from six months to eight years. At the house the day before, I had been the direct cause of crying: I had given Tom Oliver, the three-year-old boy, a penicillin injection in his behind. He had yelled. His mother had gone green and started to sob.

This morning, as I arrived to give him another injection, I heard his high-pitched screaming.

I entered. All four children were in the room. The baby was in a cot in the corner, groping for the bars and peering out. The older girl and boy were leaning against the wall, studying me with interest. Tom was under the cot.

I said: "Where's Mummy?"

The older boy studied me. "Downstairs. She said it wasn't no good your looking for her 'cos she wasn't going to come anywhere near. Not when you shove that thing into our Tom."

I said coaxingly: "Come on, Tommy. Won't take a minute." I reached under the cot, got a good hold of Tom's shoulder, and pulled.

He came out with a rush. One hand jabbed me in the stomach, and as he passed he managed to land a kick on my shin.

I went after him into the next room, in hot pursuit. I couldn't hold him and give the injection at the same time, so when the older ones sauntered up I said: "Sit on him, and keep him down."

They looked at one another, hesitated, then nodded. They sat on their little brother. I pulled down his pants and gave him the injection. He let out a final howl.

"You can tell your mother," I said sternly as I left, "that if she disappears like that again, I'll report her."

I had already discovered that in London the words: "I'll report you" were remarkably efficacious. Nobody ever asked: "To whom?"

At 4.30 p.m. there was another distribution of slips at the centre. Patients who needed a second daily injection had to be visited first, and occasionally there was an urgent new case.

That evening I had only one new call to make. A doctor had passed on instructions to visit a Mrs. Caramente, who lived behind the railway station. Her baby's eyes were giving trouble.

I knocked at the door of the house to which I had been sent. It opened to reveal a young Negress with tobacco-yellow eyes and a broad nose.

"Mrs. Caramente?" I said.

"Nurse, you have come. Oh, you have come."

She took hold of my arm and almost yanked me into the house.

We went down a short, dark passage and into a room at the end. Three chairs were wedged in a line along one side of a table, and five Negroes were sitting on them, elbow to elbow, eating earnestly. All five wore identical pork-pie hats.

I hesitated.

"This way, missy," said the young woman. We crossed into a bedroom which had a cot in the corner. On the unmade bed sprawled a jet-black man dressed in shirt, trousers and shoes, with a hat over his eyes.

Automatically I turned towards the baby's cot, but the woman still urged me on and we arrived in a tiny bathroom.

"Missy, you got to help me," said Mrs. Caramente, closing the door behind her. "He does not believe the baby is his."

My answer to this ought to have been that I was a district nurse and not a health visitor. In London there seems to be a distinction between district nurses, midwives and health visitors. All legal and personal problems, advice on diet and so on, are the function of the health visitor, who gives no medical treatment whatever.

Unfortunately, people seldom divide their physical and social ills into categories. I sat on the edge of the bath, and the rusty gas geyser began to drip on to my hat.

I said: "Now, Mrs. Caramente, what's all this about?"

"My husband," she said, "he is off a lot, all over the country. I have my baby while he is away. Then when he comes back, his friends say it is an Indian baby. And now he is going to throw both of us out."

"But what reason has he got for thinking a thing like that?"

"No reason," she wailed. "Please, missy, you speak to him."

I got up from the bath and went back into the bedroom. The husband still lay on the bed. I shook him and said: "What's all this nonsense about your wife and her baby? Aren't you ashamed of yourself, listening to such gossip?"

"Not gossip," he said in a slow, rich drawl.

"Tell him about the blood test," cried Mrs. Caramente unexpectedly. "I know all about blood test. I say

have it. You tell him to have it."

I took a deep breath, and began to lie carefully. I explained to the man just as much as I thought was useful about blood tests. I told him, truthfully enough, that a blood test could show who was not the father, but I did not add the qualifying "in a large proportion of cases." I talked blithely about blood groups and agglutinogens, and omitted to say that in spite of all the tests and scientific refinements, it was not possible to prove who *was* the father.

When I had finished, I added: "And your wife is quite willing for you to undergo this test. I would say that proved she was honest."

He pushed himself up, incapable of argument but sullen. "Don't want a test," he said.

"If you won't have one," I said, "at any rate I hope there'll be no more nonsense talked about getting rid of your wife and baby?"

He looked sideways at his wife, and gave her a grudging twitch of his shoulders. Then he stared ahead, bewildered.

"And now," I said jovially, "perhaps after all that I can do the job I'm supposed to do."

I turned to the cot.

The baby was most attractive. He was light-coloured, with completely un-negroid features. He was as Indian a baby as ever I saw. . . .

SOME of the nurses at the centre lived in a nearby nurses' home, but I chose to live out. I had been extremely lucky. One of the nurses on my district had for some time been sharing a small flat with a young divorced woman named Molly, but now wanted to move into the home; she was anxious to do midwifery, and one had to live in to do this.

I was introduced to Molly. She was in her early thirties, but there were times when she looked much older. She had fine, rather lean features, but they were heavily lined.

Her flat, which she showed me, consisted of a kitchen and two reasonably large rooms; one of these was a bedroom, the other a bed-sitter.

"The bedroom is yours," said Molly. "I've always made do with this room."

One of the pictures on the wall of the bed-sitter was a clumsy oil painting showing her sprawled on a divan.

She said: "David did that."

"David?"

Her lips tightened and her eyes became immediately dark and tragic. "My ex-husband. But we don't want to talk about that, do we?"

I signified that I was prepared to leave this probably painful topic until such time as she chose to talk about it.

And so I moved in with Molly.

Our arrangement was that I would cook the breakfast and Molly would look after the evening meal. The first breakdown of this happened early in my third week in the flat.

It had been a busy day. The morning was the usual scramble, and at 4.30, in order to help a nurse who had suddenly become extra busy, I was handed the additional chore of giving a blanket bath to an eighty-year-old woman, Mrs. Lott.

At first, she tried every possible delaying tactic. She wouldn't let me have the flannel or soap. Then she made a slow but determined effort to wash her neck herself.

My impatience mounted. I had been warned to expect this sort of thing. I made swift but gentle grabs for both the flannel and the soap.

Once I had got started, she accepted the situation without complaint. I had also been warned that Mrs. Lott had strong views on marriage, so I wasn't surprised when she reminisced bleakly about her own married life. "All those kids," she said. "And I never wanted them. Nearly killed me, they did. But he didn't care. I'd been married to him fifty years before I found I could get a separation. Of course, I went and got one."

"Did you ever see him afterwards?" I asked, finishing off.

"Oh, yes." She gave a toothy smile of satisfaction. "He was no good at looking after himself, you see. He went right on living in this same building—only on the other side. He'd buy himself a piece of haddock for supper and bring it along on a plate. And then he'd stand outside while I cooked it for him. But I wouldn't let him set foot over the doorstep."

I tidied up, and plumped up the pillows behind her. "He doesn't do that nowadays?"

"He's dead," said Mrs. Lott. "I went to the funeral. I wasn't too well, but that was something I wasn't going to miss. I had to make sure he was properly down." She sighed. "That was a day, that was."

She was my last patient of the evening. I was glad. I didn't think I could have faced anybody else. I hurried off towards the flat as fast as I could go, putting Mrs. Lott out of my mind and opening it to pleasant thoughts of food.

But when I got to the flat, the table wasn't even laid. No sizzling sounds came from the kitchen. Molly was on the divan, absorbed in reading a newspaper.

"Good heavens, Joanna," she cried. "What's the time, darling?"

I told her.

"Whatever must you think of me?"

The next evening she was not there at all when I got in. I went out to a coffee bar not far away for something to eat. . . .

In any hospital and in any centre there is always at least one nurse who has been there too long and knows too much.

She is invariably sure of herself, impatient, domineering—and, alas, all too often right.

My centre had one of them; her name was Brown and she was a married woman doing part-time work which consisted mainly of relief work in the mornings.

She took over from me once when I had my day off.

The next morning, at tea break in our usual café, Nurse Brown swept suddenly in.

"Ah, Jones," she hailed me with bluff satisfaction. "Dealt with your people yesterday. You're not tough enough with them. But you'll learn, my girl. Look at that man Swallow, now."

That man Swallow? Then I remembered. He was a sad individual who had threatened to commit suicide.

Apparently, Swallow had asked Brown for a couple of shillings.

"What for?" she demanded.

"For the gas. I intend to kill myself," said Swallow.

Brown strode across to the window and opened it. She looked down at the pavement, three storeys below.

"Don't waste your money," she roared, standing back and indicating the window with a sweep of her brawny arm. "There you are. Go on—jump."

That, she assured me, stopped his nonsense. And the exasperating thing was that she was right. . . .

Now that the summer evenings had come, I spent a lot of my spare time in the open. I had one day off each week, a half-day free every alternate Sunday, and one weekend off in four.

I found a pleasant pub in Highgate where I played darts with some of the regulars—far enough away from my usual haunts for there to be no evil reports to the centre that Nurse Jones was on the booze.

I wondered what Molly got up to while I was away. She was a moody person, often talkative, yet rarely communicative.

During my first few weeks in London she had asked a few times how I was getting on, but she did not make a practice of this.

I remember telling her about old Flo, who had palpitations from time to time. To stop the spasms, light pressure on the carotid artery was enough. But in that old, stringy neck of hers it was difficult to find the right spot.

Flo, in spite of her convulsive twitches, was always highly amused at my efforts.

"You haven't found it yet, have you?" she would chuckle.

Molly waved her hands; her nose wrinkled. "How can you *laugh* about such things?" she protested. "You're all the same, you nurses—so callous."

"Callous?" I echoed indignantly. "How do you think we'd manage if we didn't laugh?"

People see and understand only what they are accustomed to seeing and understanding. Only those whose full-time job it is to deal in matters of life, illness and death can possibly know how essential it is to laugh—sometimes to laugh at grimness, because otherwise the job would be intolerable.

From then on, Molly and I confined our conversation to such things as newspaper headlines, women's magazines, films, clothes and food.

One morning Miss Smith told me that she was transferring me to another district.

There was nothing unusual in this. The nurses at most centres were switched from one sector to another at intervals of six or twelve months: it was considered bad policy for one nurse to stay on one district permanently.

Actually there was little difference between one district and another. I found myself working in The Buildings, another great block of tenements, towering over shabby terraces.

A week after Bonfire Night, I went under the dark arch that led into the yard of The Buildings. The lights from the stairways cast a dim glow across the huddled shapes of the dustbins.

There was still a smell of fireworks about, and I was surprised that this particular stench should have lingered so pungently.

Suddenly there was a boy's shout from close behind me. "It's the nurse—not 'er!"

Another boy sprinted to one of the bins, rooted for a second, then swung around and hurled a sparking, spluttering firework into the far corner of the yard. There was an explosion that resounded from wall to wall, and the firework smell intensified.

"We lost some of our fireworks, miss," explained one of the boys. "Just found 'em again yesterday."

"But why put that one in the dustbin?"

There was a sheepish pause. "Well, it's smashing when muck blows right across anyone who's coming in from the street. But not *you*, miss. We didn't know it was *you*."

A few days later, entering The Buildings for a morning visit, I saw the system in action. The postman was a few yards ahead of me, and he got the full treatment.

For a second after the thunderous explosion he was obscured in a cloud of dust and shreds of rubbish. Mingled with the echoes of the bang were hoots of boyish delight.

The postman dug two fragments of a packet of corn flakes from his collar, then marched towards the boys, who were fleeing in the direction of a stairway.

"If I catch you at that again," he roared, "I'll not deliver your dad's football coupon."

The hideous threat seemed to go on resounding long after the echoes of the explosion had died away.

IN my new district there was also, for some reason, a small Italian colony tucked away in a row of houses that snuggled below the sooty arches of a railway viaduct.

My first visits there were to a grandmother who needed an enema at fairly regular intervals. The old lady used to welcome my visits and on one occasion even invited two of her married daughters to watch the operation. She had many children and platoons of grandchildren. They came in all ages and sizes.

And they included Joe.

Perhaps he had been christened Giovanni, but he was always referred to as Joe. He was a boy of seventeen or eighteen, with olive eyes and a soft, expressive mouth. The first few times I saw him, I thought he was a waster: he seemed to spend the later part of every afternoon leaning against the low wall at the end of the row of houses, droopingly, sensuously watching girls go by.

Then I found that it was only one

The English Climate

And who can say what an English day
Will be in the space of an hour?
When October dawns bear
summer morns
That cloud to an April shower.

When panting June rains all the noon
From a sky where no cloudlet lay;
And the fingering breeze in the Christmas trees
Plays a springtime roundelay.

At its distant birth the Lord gave earth
A climate for every nation;
But England was missed from the Weather Clerk's list
In the heavenly dispensation.

So the Arctic zone and the monsoon's moan,
With the heat of the desert waste,
Were blended together, producing the weather
That suits our English taste.

Which means that there's not any chance of monotony—
Heat waves and frost all the time,
Our weather report is a variable sort
And change is the charm of our clime.

NOEL SCOTT

girl he waited for. She was a very fair, very English seventeen-year-old. Her clothes were cheap, but she took a pride in her appearance and always looked fresh and attractive.

She knew that he waited for her. Happiness seemed to be within reach: they lived close to one another, they were already warmed by one another's glances, they were young and the darkness of the railway viaduct and the shabby houses meant nothing to them.

But Joe had no job. He had no money, and no time in which to earn it. Nearly all his time was taken up by his widowed mother, who was a victim of disseminated sclerosis. At its worst, this can be one of the most hideous diseases any human being can be called on to endure—vicious, agonizing and humiliating. Joe's mother had it at its worst. She was a hopeless case.

Joe looked after her with a fierce love. He would not leave her for more than half an hour or so at a time—just long enough to do the shopping, or, at that one part of the day, to watch the fair-haired girl go by.

And then he stopped going to the corner. He appeared in court on a charge of breaking and entering, though when the story of his mother was told the magistrate bound him over for a year.

Because of his shame after the court case, Joe stayed at home more than ever and did not even go out in the afternoons.

On my visits to the old lady, I often reached the corner of the street on my bike at the same time as the girl went by. She glanced down the street every day, clearly bewildered at Joe's absence.

There was only one possible solution to the situation, and it came in time. Joe's mother died.

One Friday, in that dark, silent way of his, he found himself a job. He was going to start work in a local radio shop the following Monday. And on that Friday afternoon—the last occasion, perhaps, that he would be free to hang about on that corner at that time—he was leaning against the wall again.

I cycled past him and went into the house. The grandmother was sitting in the window. I stood beside her.

We watched. We saw the girl come into view. She made no pretence at coy remoteness. When she saw Joe, she half-smiled, crossed the main road and for the first time was close to him.

Joe spoke. She laughed. Then for a moment they both appeared to be listening to a radio, which could be heard through a nearby open window, playing dance music.

When they moved, their movements had the rhythm of a dance. And a dance they did, slowly and gracefully they jitterbugged until the tune ended, lost in a world of their own.

Now the two of them looked startled, as though they had only just realized what they had been doing. When I cycled away they were still talking—fumbling with words, laughing from shyness. . . .

AUTUMN moved on into winter. One day was particularly windy, and as Nurse Brown presented considerable resistance to any such current of air, the job of pedalling was a hard one for her. On such days she was even more ferocious than usual.

She put the fear of God and the usual dose of insulin into a couple of diabetics, terrified a small boy with a hideous lecture on threadworms, enjoyed herself no end with a steel comb in pursuit of lice, and arrived at the timorous Mrs. Temple's house in fine fettle, just in the mood for giving an enema.

Mrs. Temple answered the door, and flinched. Brown marched in, more or less driving the little woman before her.

"Now then — everything ready? Come on; kettle, saucepan and solution. . . ."

"Solution?"

"Just you get the kettle on for a start."

Mrs. Temple scuttled away to do as she was told. Brown took off her coat and looked round the room. She presumed that the couch was used in order to give the enema, though there was not much room on it. Still, Mrs. Temple was pretty small.

Mrs. Temple reappeared and Brown began prodding her towards the couch.

"When the usual nurse comes," said Mrs. Temple valiantly, "she doesn't do all this."

"What do you mean?" boomed Brown.

"Well, she just jabs me in the arm."

Brown shrivelled, jabbed her in the arm and crept out of the house. She did not even feel able to stay for the cup of tea which Mrs. Temple proposed to make from the water which was now boiling. . . .

The work at the centre seemed to pile up. One nurse had a nervous breakdown; another developed a peptic ulcer. It was a matter of dashing from one place to another, doing the job quickly and getting out.

Unfortunately it was difficult to persuade patients of the need for this.

Their behaviour over dressings was one of the most infuriating things of all.

When a nurse has to do a dressing, the normal procedure is for her to leave a supply of bandages and gauze with the patient, who is given solemn instructions to put these in a tin and bake them before the nurse arrives, so that they will be sterile. They are then handled with tweezers and scissors which have been boiled.

One woman who had dutifully done everything according to the rules could not contain herself when I entered the next day. She seized the tin, opened it, and plunged her far from clean fingers into it, dragging out the dressings for me to inspect.

"Here you are, nurse—just like you told me."

Another woman made herself a boiled pudding in the material I had left.

Still we pressed on. Just when I found myself disliking a patient, he or she would shyly slip me a little screw of paper, and when, outside, I opened it, I would find sixpence in it. Or sometimes it was a packet of cigarettes—offered with such bashfulness that it could not be refused. Such things invariably came from people who could not afford them.

One patient I couldn't help liking, for all his faults, was Mr. Cork. Almost eighty, and one of the fattest men I had ever seen, he lived in one room over a frowsty sweet-shop that smelled of old dolly mixtures and cat.

He needed to be washed and generally tidied up because a year previously he had broken his left leg. He stayed in bed in the hope that it would heal of its own accord. It healed after a fashion, but was far from satisfactory, and would not take his weight. In fact, there was no hope of it healing properly without an operation.

Nevertheless, he soon assured me: "Nothing's going to get me inside one of them hospitals."

He had heard dreadful tales about "them hospitals"; neglect and brutality, bits cut off that ought not to have been cut off, swabs left inside patients. . . .

All the same, we persuaded him into hospital, his doctor and I. The doctor promised lavish attention supervised by no less a person than the senior surgeon, Lord Loam. I, for my part, went to work on Mr. Cork sounding like the trailer for one of those English hospital films, with nurses moving about silently, learned consultations at the bedside, and the restful, recuperative life of the ward.

He had not been in hospital long, though, before I heard of him again. The complaints about everybody and everything he was making there were such that the ripples spread widely and reached me within a few days.

I was angry. The promises the doctor made me—and, through me, Mr. Cork—had obviously not been fulfilled.

There was no reception committee. Mr. Cork was delivered into the hospital like a package, duly labelled and sorted; he was heaved into bed, prodded around, and operated on without his quite realizing what was happening.

Then came a request, via the doctor and Miss Smith: "Get Mr. Cork *out* of hospital."

Mr. Cork, it appeared, had proved unrelenting in his verbal persecution of the entire hospital staff. He wanted to see Lord Loam. Eventually Lord Loam came to see him, but mainly for the sake of peace and quiet.

It was felt that he would be better at home—whereupon Mr. Cork declared that, as a matter of principle he ought not to go home at this juncture.

There was only one person who could shift him.

I was summoned. To Mr. Cork it was explained that his old friend Nurse Jones was going to look after him. She knew the special treatment he needed, and was the one best fitted to administer it. The idea sank into his mind, and flowered.

We got him out. There may not have been any welcoming committee when Mr. Cork arrived in hospital, but there was certainly a farewell committee to make sure that he was well and truly removed.

When he was safely back in his bed, and the ambulance men had gone, I suggested to Mr. Cork that he ought to have something to eat.

"That's the idea," he beamed, "after all that hospital stuff."

I looked in his chipped, white-painted cupboard. He was the possessor of one tin of pork sausages and beans. I went downstairs to the sweetshop and bought two packets of chocolate peanuts, and with the aid of the bottles of beer which he kept under his bed we had an impromptu party.

I was quite glad of the meal. The domestic arrangements at the flat had collapsed; Molly never seemed to go near the kitchen.

BY now I had discovered the reason for her moodiness. In her desire for male company, she took to answering "lonely heart" advertisements in papers. These lucky dips were most unsatisfactory. Her emotions swung from the hopefulness of fixing a date to the disappointment of the actual encounter.

Then one morning, when she was opening her letters, she exclaimed: "Jo, look at *this*!"

The letter was from her husband, David.

He arrived at the flat a few evenings later and turned out to be large, as Molly had described him. She had also said that he was good-looking in an ugly sort of way, but I did not agree with this. I found him just plain ugly.

Fortunately my opinion was of no relevance. Molly gazed at him as though she had never seen so many masculine virtues before, and David looked reasonably satisfied with this adoration.

I left them alone for the evening and went out to the pictures. When I returned, expecting to intrude on an atmosphere of sweetness and light, I was half-way up the stairs when I overheard them having a tremendous argument.

David was demanding why Molly had answered an anonymous advertisement—and Molly wanted to know why David had inserted it.

I went out again, this time for some fish and chips.

When I got back, the flat was quiet, and in darkness. From the divan came the sound of heavy breathing—David's.

I opened the door of my own room and went in. Then suddenly I understood.

The argument had continued. Molly had flounced out, and there was only one place for her to flounce to, unless she wanted to end up in the street. There she lay in my bed, innocently asleep.

I spent the rest of the night in my armchair. I did not fall off to sleep as quickly as I had hoped.

As the hours wore on, I began to think of leaving my job. There were so many things one could do in the world. Millionaires all over the place needed private nurses. With my qualifications, I could get myself a more interesting and less wearing job. I could travel. . . .

If only all the patients with whom I dealt on the district could be cleared up at one go—all getting better at once, so that a straight line could be drawn and I could say "that's that." Then I would find it easy to leave.

But cases overlap. Boils go down on one neck and sprout on another. There's a death and then a birth—somebody born into a world of mumps, measles, ingrowing toenails, tapeworms and heaven knows what else.

I awoke to find it daylight. There was no time for breakfast.

Molly stirred. "Jo, darling, what must you think of me?"

What must I think of Molly?

I dashed out to the bathroom, disturbing David's slumbers, and dashed back again. The two of them were none of my concern. The world outside clamoured for my services.

I pedalled off towards pain and irritation, the gossip and the smell of sickrooms, towards people who were waiting for me to call and who knew nothing, and cared nothing, about my own life.

THE END

© *Joanna Jones, 1958*

Joanna Jones's story is from her book "Nurse On The District," which will be published by Michael Joseph on February 2, 1959, at 13s. 6d.

"And when are you two going to start your own little family?"

We flew in very low over the place where Johnnie crashed. And right from the first moment I knew that things weren't good

The woman below looked up and waved her arms towards us. Clearly something funny was happening down there

The Rainbow and the Rose

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

by NEVIL SHUTE

I WAS asleep in Johnnie Pascoe's house at Buxton. Sister Dawson was resting in the living-room. Tomorrow, if the weather improved, I was going to fly her and young Dr. Turnbull down the wild Tasmanian coast to Johnnie Pascoe. He had crashed on a flight to bring out a sick child, and now he was seriously ill with a fractured skull.

I am Clarke, an airline pilot from Melbourne. Pascoe taught me to fly, years ago. Now, in his bed, I was dreaming that I was Johnnie Pascoe. I was reliving his love for three women . . . Judy Lester, the actress he married in 1918; Brenda Marshall, the girl he taught to fly at Duffington, in England; and Peggy Dawson.

Johnnie's marriage to Judy ended in separation. When he met Brenda, she fell as deeply in love with him as he was with her. She bore him a daughter. But they couldn't marry, for Brenda was married already—to a husband who was in a mental institution, certified insane.

The strain of the situation was finally too great for Brenda. She deliberately crashed her Moth and died in the wreck. Her mother, Mrs. Duclos, took the baby, Brenda Margaret, away, and later she wrote to tell Pascoe that the child had died. He felt terribly guilty.

He was nearly sixty and on the point of retirement when he fell in love again, with Peggy Dawson. He was an airline captain then, flying between Honolulu and Fiji. Peggy, a trained nurse, was his senior hostess.

One evening, on a beach near Honolulu, Pascoe proposed to Peggy—and in my dream it seemed that I was Johnnie, waiting for her answer.

She sat silent, motionless. Then at last, turning to me, she said: "It's been wonderful to hear you say this, Johnnie, but I couldn't marry you. You see, if everybody had their rights, my name would be Brenda Pascoe."

FINAL INSTALMENT

My Daughter Peggy

STARING at her, I said: "I'm sorry, but I don't get that. Is your name Brenda?"

"My names are Brenda Margaret," she said quietly. "That's how my birth was registered."

I sat speechless. "Grannie always called me Peggy," she added. "I don't think I ever did get christened properly. There was some trouble about it."

I turned to her. "Let me get this straight. Are you trying to tell me that you're Brenda Marshall's daughter?"

She faced me. "That's right, Johnnie. I'm Brenda Marshall's daughter, and yours."

"What was your grandmother's name?"

"Duclos," she said. "She married twice. Her first husband was my grandfather. His name was Henry Dawson."

"But Brenda's baby died!"

She smiled gently. "She didn't, Johnnie. She grew up a very ordinary child, and finished up as an air hostess in her father's crew."

I sat back and stared out over the dark sea for a few moments. I needed time to recover from what this girl had done to me before I spoke again.

Presently she said in a low tone, "Don't be angry."

"I'm not angry," I replied. "But Mrs. Duclos wrote to me. She said the baby died."

She nodded. "I know. She did what she thought was the right thing. It wasn't only you. She told everybody." She paused, and then she said: "It was all such a mess, you see. She was afraid of Derek Marshall, for one thing. She was afraid he might claim me, and take me away from her and try to bring me up himself—when he was a mental case. And then she thought that you'd marry somebody, and if you had to look after me I wouldn't get a square deal. She was afraid of me knowing when I was too young that my mother committed suicide, and that I was illegitimate."

She paused. "Tell me one thing, Johnnie. Did you ever know that my mother's maiden name was Dawson?"

I shook my head. "It never occurred to

me to question that it was Duclos," I said.

"That's what Grannie said. She said you never knew my mother was her child by her first marriage. I was registered in her maiden name as illegitimate."

I glanced at her. "I never saw the entry. You were registered as Brenda Margaret Dawson?"

She nodded. "That's my name."

"Why did you go to Australia?"

"Grannie took me. You see, she had relations there."

"Had she?"

She nodded. "My grandfather's brother Ernest—Grannie's brother-in-law—he married a girl at Colac with five thousand acres. The family's there still, Coniston Station." She paused. "I'm pretty sure we went there right away, because I can remember living there when I was little. Then when I was five or six and had to go to school, Grannie took a house in South Yarra, and we lived there all the time."

"I see," I said slowly. "She made a clean break, and started you off somewhere fresh."

"She thought it was the best thing to do," she said.

I sat looking out over the moonlit sea. "Probably it was." I turned to her. "How did you come to be here?"

"I was curious," she said simply.

"About me?"

She nodded. "You see, Grannie told me everything she knew when I was twenty-one. I was training at the Alexandra then, so it wasn't quite the shock it might have been. And anyway, I'd guessed that it was something like that. She hadn't kept in touch with you, but she thought you might be still alive somewhere."

"Well, what happened then?"

She said: "As soon as I was qualified, I went to England."

"To look for me?"

"Partly," she said. "Only partly." She turned to me. "Try and understand, Johnnie. I wanted to know how I'd been born, what really happened." She stared out over the sea. "What Grannie told me was such a confused sort of a story, so unlikely in some ways. It could have been wonderfully good, or it could have been—just smutty. I didn't mind much about being illegitimate, but I wanted to know how it all happened."

"It was wonderfully good," I said. "Good enough to keep me single all these years, anyway. Do you want me to tell you about it?"

"If you will."

"Finish your story first. What did you find out in England?"

"Very little," she said. "I went to see the Marshalls up at Halifax. George Marshall—the one you knew—he died about ten years ago. I saw his son, John Marshall, and told him who I was. He knew hardly anything. His uncle, Derek Marshall, blew his brains out with a shotgun soon after we got to Australia."

"I heard that," I said.

"I was just one of a whole lot of unsavoury scandals that the Marshalls wanted to forget," she remarked. "John Marshall didn't introduce me to his family."

"I'm very sorry," I said, and I was too.

She smiled quietly. "I hadn't expected much else. So then I went to Duffington."

"You went there?"

She nodded. "That was no good either. There's no flying club there now."

"The aerodrome's a big place, isn't it?"

"That's right," she said. "It's got runways about two miles long, and the American air force are there. And Duffington Manor, where my mother used to live, has been turned into a girls' school."

I sat thinking back about those distant days upon the far side of the world.

She went on: "I went back to London and went to the Royal Aero Club. The secretary there was awfully nice and I think he knew you, but he couldn't or wouldn't tell me where you were. He told me to go to a public library and look you up in *Who's Who In Aviation*. So I did that, and found that you were with AusCan."

Up the beach at the old Catalina slipway three Fijians had launched a boat. They came paddling slowly down the shore in the darkness with a brilliant acetylene lamp hanging on a pole over the bows, spearing fish as they came to the light. We watched them in silence as they crept along. London seemed very far away.

"That's how you came to know I was in AusCan," I said thoughtfully.

She nodded, watching the boat. "I went to the AusCan office in Piccadilly and got a time-table," she said. "I asked the girl who gave it me if Captain Pascoe was still flying for them, and she knew all about you. She said you were in London every week, because you brought in the machine from Vancouver over the North Pole and took it back again. It was a new service then—one machine a week. She said you were training younger captains on the route."

The boat before us paused, and there was a lot of excited chatter from it, because one of the men had speared a fish. It was quite a big one, but I couldn't tell her what sort of fish it was. We sat looking at the spectacle; then as the boat moved on we came back to our conversation.

"Is that when you decided to become a hostess?" I asked.

"Not quite," she said. "I went down to London Airport a couple of days later and stood in the public enclosure to see your AusCan machine come in from Vancouver. When the machine came in and all the passengers got off, you came off with the other officers—an awful lot of them. There must have been eight or nine. You passed quite close to me."

I TRIED to put myself in this girl's place when first she saw her father. "What did you think?" I asked.

She said seriously: "I thought you looked rather nice. I went to bed much happier that night."

I was glad of that, but I didn't know how to say it. "Then did you go back to Australia?"

She smiled. "I flew back with you."

"Flew back with *me*?" I was dumbfounded. "As a passenger?"

"I was so terribly curious," she said. "I wasn't at all sure if I wanted to know you, or to let you know who I was. There wasn't any reason why I should, after all. I wanted to know all about you first—what sort of a person you were." She paused. "What sort of a person I am," she said thoughtfully.

"I understand that," I replied.

She stared after the boat, now moving away from us and coming out of the shadow of the palm trees into the moonlight. "I couldn't really afford to fly back to Australia, but I had to," she said. "I went tourist, of course, and I made quite sure that you'd be the captain before I confirmed the booking." I smiled, and she smiled with me. "You came down the cabin once and asked me if I was comfortable, and told me when we'd be landing at Frobisher. That was the first time I ever spoke to you."

I sat trying to recollect that evening, one of so many similar flights. I couldn't place it. "When I took you on in Vancouver," I said slowly. "I thought I'd seen you before. I wonder if that was it?"

"I saw you several times at Vancouver when I was in Captain Forrest's crew," she remarked. "I don't know if you saw me. We never spoke."

"That might have been it. How did you come to be in AusCan, then?"

"I flew on back to Sydney down this route," she said. "You handed over at Vancouver, of course. It was after that that the idea came to me. I talked to the senior hostess, Mary Barrett, about hostess work. By the time I got to Sydney I wanted to do that more than anything. I thought if I could get to be in your aircrew I could really get to know something about you."

She paused. "I couldn't do it while Grannie was alive. It wouldn't have been fair to leave her. But then she died and I was quite free to do whatever I wanted to." She stared after the boat. "And what I wanted to do was—this."

We sat together in silence on the beach in the warm night. Presently she said gently: "Will you tell me about my mother?"

"I'll do what I can to tell you," I said heavily. "I only know it from my side, of course. She came to learn to fly at Duffington, and we fell in love. But there was more to it than that on her side; much, much more. I never got to understand her side of it, not properly."

"Tell me what actually happened," she said quietly. "Perhaps I'll understand better than you."

"You mean, from the beginning?"

She nodded. "Tell me everything that happened, right from the beginning."

I started to tell her, and it came more easily as I went on talking. She asked a good many questions and I answered them as well as I could. I must have talked to her for well over an hour, perhaps for nearly two, telling her everything I knew.

At last I came to the final scene when she had spun into the ground.

"It was deliberate, wasn't it? She wanted to die?"

"She never even hinted that to me," I said. "I wouldn't have let her fly. But—yes, I think she did."

"She chose to die rather than go away and live with you, unmarried? Even with me?"

"I think she did," I said.

WE sat in silence for a long time on the beach. The moon had worked around, and we were now sitting in the silvery light on the white sand under the coconut palms. I glanced at my wrist-watch presently, and it was after midnight. "Time we went back to the hostel," I said presently.

"I know." She sat thoughtful, not moving. "There's one more thing I want to say before we go."

"What's that?" I asked.

She turned to me. "I shouldn't have let you go on and ask me to marry you," she said. "I should have turned it off, somehow. I could have done. I want you to forgive me for letting you go on."

"That's all right," I said again.

"It seemed so incredible," she said. "I knew by that time that there'd been nobody in your life since my mother died. And I knew that there must be a good deal of my mother in me. . . ." She paused. "If you were falling in love with me, it could only be that you were falling in love again with what was in me of my mother. I couldn't resist letting it happen, Johnnie. Because you see, it was final, absolute proof that everything was quite all right when I was born—but for bad luck."

"Bad luck or bad management," I said slowly.

"What do you mean by that?"

I sat silent for a time. "I've had a long time to think this over, and now I'm an old man," I said at last. "And what I think is this. When you get to wanting something that doesn't belong to you so badly that you've just got to have it, and you take it—well, that's stealing. That's what we didn't understand." I paused. "I think your mother understood it a bit better than I did. We kidded ourselves that love was something different, because it says so on the pop tunes."

She laughed. "If you hadn't kidded yourselves, I shouldn't be here."

"That's true. Are you glad or sorry?"

"Glad," she said. "Very, very glad."

I got to my feet, stiff after sitting for so long. We gathered up our things to take them to the car.

"When you're at Buxton, I shall go back to nursing at the Alexandra," she said. "We shan't be very far away from each other. May I come over and see you when I get a holiday?"

"Sure," I said. "Come and start a bit of gossip for me there." We laughed together.

She turned to me. "I've been so happy tonight. Everything's quite all right now, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said quietly. "Everything's come good at last. It's quite all right, now."

We walked slowly from the moonlit coral beach into the deep shadows of the palm tree groves. Our feet made no sound on the ground; we were gliding along as if suspended in the air, floating along. Everything had come good at last, after so many years. I had reached the happy ending of the story, and I was quietly, serenely

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

AMBUSH AT MOONRISE

A thrilling new serial by

BRIAN CLEEVE

The romantic story of the Black Rose—the woman an entire nation came to dread

happy. In the soft, velvety darkness I lay utterly at peace for I had finished with all heartaches, with all pains and worries; nothing could touch me now. . . .

• • •

There was light all around me, and she was by my side. She was dressed in a blue combination suit of smooth denim cloth over a heavy white polo-necked sweater, stifling in Fiji. I blinked my eyes and muttered: "You'll be much too hot. Whatever are you wearing that for?"

She glanced at me curiously. "It's five o'clock, sir. There's a cup of tea here." I saw she had it in her hand, and she put it down upon the table by my side, beside the lamp that she had lit. She stood back from the bed, and she was in ski-ing clothes.

I rubbed my hand over my eyes. I had been dreaming again. This was Johnnie Pascoe's room and I was in his bed, in his pyjamas. I was Ronnie Clarke, and I had work to do for him. I rose upon one elbow. "What's the weather like?"

She crossed to the window and pulled up the blind. It was quite dark outside. "The sky is clear," she said. "It's all starry. The wind has dropped a lot."

I was still happy, and this confirmed my happiness, for everything was going to be all right this time.

"I'll have breakfast ready in the kitchen by the time you're dressed," she said, and went out of the room.

I got up in the chilly, spartan bedroom and put on Johnnie Pascoe's dressing-gown and thrust my feet into his slippers. I went to the window and looked out. The night was as she said. There was not a scrap of cloud in sight, and very little wind.

Everything was coming good at last. Everything was going to be all right. . . .

The doctor came while I was having my breakfast with the nurse at the kitchen table. We went the few hundred yards to the hangar in his car. Billy Monkhouse was sitting in the Auster running it up; four equal blue flames streamed from the exhausts beneath the engine cowling.

I led the doctor and the nurse round behind the hangar, a little out of the noise, so that we could talk. "Now look," I said. "This wind's not very strong. If it's like this when we get down to the Lewis River we may be in trouble again. It may be too strong for me to land upon that little strip cross-wind, and at the same time not quite strong enough for me to hold her stationary across it, like I did yesterday. In that case I'd be moving forward ten or fifteen miles an hour across the strip, and you'll have to get out damn quick.

The doctor nodded. "I understand that. But I could pretty well fall out, since there's no door."

"That's what I want you to do," I said. I turned to the nurse. "If it looks too difficult, or if the doctor has a very rough landing, I won't ask you to jump. We'll try again later in the day, when there's a bit more wind."

She said: "If the doctor jumps, I jump."

There was a sudden resemblance to Johnnie Pascoe in the set of her chin, the line of her jaw, the wrinkling of her eyes. "All right," I said. "I'll tell you the right moment when I'm going as slowly as I can, and then you decide for yourself, like the doctor."

It was pretty dark still when we took off, for the moon had set, but as we gained altitude the grey light to the east increased and I could see the line of mountains stretching out ahead of me in a clear sky.

It was full daylight when we got there, though the sun was not up yet. As we flew over, I saw the Lewis River and the house, and at the same moment the doctor pointed it out to me. We went on looking for some indication of the wind, and seeing none. There was heavy surf against the rocks upon the coast but I judged this to be more from a ground swell than from any wind. I saw no white horses on the sea out from the shore; if there was wind, as there must be, it was impossible to tell its direction.

When we were a mile from the house

I saw the woman come out of the door and look towards us; she had heard our motor. She went back, and came out again carrying a bundle that must be the windsock, and I was grateful for her intelligence. She hurried with it up the hill to that desperate little airstrip that looked more like a very short length of cart track than ever, and as I turned upon a circuit she was busy with it at the flagstaff. She hoisted it, and it hung limp and vertical along the spar. There was no wind at all.

I stared at it for half a minute, incredulous, watching for the gust to blow it out. No gust came; the sock hung motionless. I turned to my passengers, elated. "Money for jam," I said. "I'll make one dummy run, and if it looks all right I'll land upon the strip. Keep your belts done up."

I lined up on the strip to come in for my dummy run, throttled back a bit, and put my hand up to pull down half flap. I brought her in upon the throttle, watching it ahead of me. There was a little stunted tree with a bush beside it about seventy yards from the end of the strip; if I pulled down full flap there when I was about six feet up, ready to catch her with a burst of throttle, I should just about make it. I shot a quick glance at the flagstaff and the sock to make sure there was no sudden gust of wind.

There was something funny there. I took my attention from the runway and looked at the sock properly. It was hanging vertical, but it was only half-way up the mast. Then the woman caught my attention. She was standing by the mast and waving both arms horizontally.

I turned back to my flying, and moved the throttle forward. We passed over the strip twenty feet up as I gently raised the flaps. I turned to the doctor. "See that?" I asked.

"You mean, the sock? It was at half-mast, wasn't it?"

I nodded.

"Was she trying to tell us not to land?"

"I think so. She seemed to be waving us off."

I put the machine on a climbing turn and turned to the nurse in the seat behind the doctor. "It doesn't look so good," I said. "I'm very sorry."

She had gone rather white. "That's all right," she muttered.

We circled round. "What would you like to do?" I asked the doctor. "I can land there normally, but I don't suppose that I can stay there very long. This calm won't last longer than an hour, at most."

"I think I ought to have a look at him, perhaps," he said. "It wouldn't take very long."

The girl leaned forward at my shoulder. "I want to land, please, Captain Clarke."

I nodded. "Okay. I'll do another dummy run, and then run in."

I turned on final again and brought her in. It was still calm; I used half flap; touched my wheels a few feet from the near end of the strip, and took off again. There was plenty of room to pull her up if I did it like that again. I brought her round, lined up on final, put full flap down at the little tree, and plumped her well and truly down in the right spot. We came to rest about thirty yards from the far end. I glanced at

GUESTS—3

People are either born hosts or born guests.

Max Beerbohm

the windsock; there was still no wind. The woman was running towards us.

I turned to the doctor and the nurse. "Be as quick as you can," I said. "I'll stay with the machine."

I left the engine ticking over, and we all got out. The woman, Mrs. Hoskins, came panting up. "I tried to stop you landing," she said breathlessly. "I suppose you didn't see."

The doctor asked, "He's dead, is he?"

"I'm sorry to say so. You took off before the radio schedule, or I'd have let you know."

"What time did he die?"

"A little after four, it must have been," she said.

"I'll just come down with you and have a look at him," he said.

Beside me, Sister Dawson stirred. "Is there a burial ground here?" she said.

The woman hesitated, and then said: "Well, there's a nice little place where we put Grandpa, looking out over the sea. It's not consecrated, of course, but he could lie there, by Grandpa, if you think that'll do. Or they could take him out. . . . But it's a long way."

The girl said, "We'll bury him here." She had taken charge completely of the situation. She turned to the doctor. "I'd like to go down now. Then you can get away with Captain Clarke, and I'll stay here and do what's necessary."

They all went down to the house and I was left alone with the Auster, its engine still ticking over, on the little airstrip on the ridge above the sea. The sun had come up and it was very beautiful there between the mountains and the Southern Ocean in the blue dawn. I walked a little way back along the strip and stood looking down upon the wreckage of the other Auster at the foot of the little cliff.

The doctor came up from the house presently, just as I was beginning to get worried about a little rising air that moved the limp windsock. He was carrying the battered suitcase that we had dropped on the scrub the day before. I took it from him. "Did anything get broken?"

"One bottle," he said. "It doesn't matter now, of course."

"Is Sister Dawson coming back with us?" I asked.

"No. We're taking the child back to hospital, for observation. There's not much wrong with her now. The mother's just dressing her up in warm clothes."

"She'll have to hurry up," I said. "I can't stay here much longer."

"She knows that. She'll be here in a minute." And as he spoke I saw the woman leave the house carrying the child, and come hurrying up the hill.

"How is Sister Dawson going to get out?" I asked.

"She'll come out with the ground party, or else by sea. Probably the ground party. She wants to stay here for the burial." He hesitated, and then asked: "Is she a relation, do you know?"

I faced him. "She's his illegitimate daughter," I said. "Don't go telling everyone."

"Are you quite sure of that?" he exclaimed.

"Quite sure," I said.

"How ever did you find that out? You only met her this morning."

"I knew her mother," I said. "She was a fine woman. I remember when this girl was born. They had pretty bad luck." I paused. "I've known Johnnie Pascoe a great many years. We were old friends. There are some things a friend ought to know." I turned to the aircraft. "Here she comes. Let's get in now, and get going before the wind gets up again."

I started the motor, and we got into the machine. The woman came up and handed the child to the doctor who took her on his lap, wrapped in about three blankets. I ran the engine up, checked everything, and took off down that appalling little strip. We made it all right with a bit to spare; I turned over the house and set a course for Buxton. We flew back up the coast without incident, though the weather was closing in, and landed under a grey sky at about half past eight.

I taxied to the hangar and stopped the motor. Billy Monkhouse, the ground engineer, came up to the machine as I was undoing my belt. "You heard the news?" I asked.

He nodded. "They got it from the Lewis River soon after you took off. Too bad it had to happen."

I nodded, and got out of the machine, and looked around. Something was missing. I asked: "What's happened to the Proctor?"

"They took off about an hour ago for Hobart," he said. "Wanted to get down while the good weather lasted. The woman, Mrs. Forbes, she went with them."

"Damn good job," I said.

"You left the nurse there?" he asked.

I nodded. One of the boys was near us and I took the old ground engineer to one side. "Look, Mr. Monkhouse," I said. "I don't know what's going to happen here now. I mean, about

these two aircraft, and the house, and all the rest of his stuff. I wouldn't be surprised to hear that he's left everything to Sister Dawson."

He stared at me. "You mean—this nurse—here?"

I nodded. "She's visited him before, hasn't she?"

"Yes. She's been here two or three times." He hesitated. "Looks a bit like him."

"Well, there you are," I said. "That's none of my business, and none of yours. But she'll probably be telling you what she wants done here."

We talked about that for a minute or two. Then he said: "What will you be doing now, sir?"

"I'll get some breakfast somewhere and pick up my haversack," I said. "Then I'll get back to Melbourne. There's nothing else that I can do here."

"Mrs. Lawrence is over in the house, waiting to cook you breakfast," he said. "I got that fixed for you."

The doctor joined us and we went together to the little house by the aerodrome that I had left so full of quiet hope before the dawn, only a few hours before.

Mrs. Lawrence was in the kitchen, looking as if she had been crying. The doctor and I threw off our coats and went to wash and clean up, and presently we were sitting down to breakfast at the kitchen table.

Mrs. Lawrence had gone over to her own house nearby, taking the sick child with her. We said little while we ate, but after we had finished and were smoking at the table over a final cup of coffee, the doctor brought the subject up that was on both our minds.

"I've been thinking over what you told me about Sister Dawson," he said. "I'll take you to Devonport, for the Melbourne plane. Then I think I'll go on to my home. I'll leave the girl in Hobart with her father on my way through. We've got a place down on the Huon. Then when the ground party comes out from the Lewis River I could meet Sister Dawson with my car at Kallista and bring her back up here."

It seemed to me that that meant leaving his practice to look after itself for three or four days, but that was his affair, not mine. "That would certainly be a help to her," I remarked. "I think she'll want to come back here."

"She'll have to," he said. "She left a suitcase." He thought for a moment. "Of course, I could take that down with me in the car."

"I should do that," I observed. "By the time you meet her she won't have had a change of clothes for three or four days and she'll have walked about forty miles through the bush."

"Of course. I'll take it with me."

"I think she'll want to come back here, in any case," I said. "There's probably a will, and Johnnie probably left everything to her. She'll have to come and settle up what's to be done."

He nodded slowly. "I hadn't thought of that. . . ."

I glanced at him. "You'll be seeing a good deal of her?"

He met my eyes. "Probably."

"Well—look," I said. "She won't have a lot of money to throw around. She'll want to sell the two aircraft that are here. She doesn't have to pay a pilot to fly them away. I can get over here for nothing, any time, and I'd be very glad to fly them to Moorabbin to be sold."

"That's really very kind of you;" he said. "That's a very generous offer."

I flushed a little. "Her father was a very old friend," I said. "It was he who taught me to fly, back in the dark ages. And the girl's a good type, too."

He said quietly: "I think she's a very wonderful person."

"She's going to be a very lonely one now," I said practically. "I don't think she's got a single relation left in the world. Except, perhaps, some second cousins up at Colac." I grinned at him. "Good luck."

He smiled a little self-consciously. "Thank you."

I got up from the table. "I'll give you a ring in a few days' time when you've got back here, and you can tell me what the form is."

He drove me to Devonport and put me down at the aerodrome. Then he went on southwards, while I waited for the midday plane. I got back to Essendon about half past one; had a late lunch in the restaurant and walked out to my car. It was only about thirty-six hours since I had left it in the park, but when I unlocked the door and got into it, it seemed like so many years.

THERE was nobody at home when I got back to my house in Essendon. I put down my haversack and leather coat and wandered round the house, fingering the children's toys, Sheila's fur stole that I had saved up for for so long, the small tools in my workshop. Johnnie Pascoe had been a better man than I, but he had never had the little benisons of life that I had got. I hoped his daughter would be luckier. She would be, I thought, if the doctor had anything to do with it.

I got the cutter and began to trim the edges of the lawn.

Sheila came home with the children before I got it finished. They were surprised and glad to see me and came running to hug me. When the children were sent into the house to take their coats off, Sheila said: "He died, didn't he? They said so on the wireless."

I nodded. "We couldn't get in to him yesterday. It clamped right down. I got a doctor and a nurse in there at dawn today, but they were too late."

"I'm so sorry," she said softly. Peter came running from the house towards us. "Tell me about it after they're in bed."

We went into the house together because it was a bit cold in the garden for the children, and I lit the fire in the sitting-room and we had tea. When the children were in bed, I laid the supper table and got a glass of sherry for us both and sat on the edge of the kitchen table talking to Sheila while she grilled the steak. Somehow, I felt that evening that I had never appreciated my home so much.

We ate our steak and apple pie, and washed the dishes up. Then, in the sitting-room, smoking by the fire, I told her everything factual that had happened in Tasmania. I didn't tell her anything about my dreams because people who insist on telling you what they dreamed are a bit of a bore and, anyway, they didn't mean a thing.

When I had told her everything, and we had discussed it all, I said: "I'll probably have to go over there again, and fly the aircraft to Moorabbin to be sold. I'd like to do that for him."

She nodded. Then she said: "You'd known him a long time, hadn't you?"

"Nearly thirty years," I said. "I never knew till now that we were such close friends."

THE END

"The Rainbow and the Rose" is abridged from the novel by Nevil Shute, which has just been published by Heinemann, at 16s.

© *Nevil Shute Norway, 1958*

Superman with a load of trouble

Continued from page 10

respected Presbyterian minister, and he constantly spurred on his son. On one occasion, young Paul arrived home proudly carrying a school report card which listed a ninety per cent average. His father looked at the card and shook his head.

"Why," he demanded, "didn't you get a hundred per cent?"

"But nobody gets a hundred per cent," protested the youngster.

Replied his father: "Then what is a hundred per cent for? My boy, I want you to be a leader, the best student in the school."

Paul went back the next term to try even harder. His classmates, preponderantly white students, admired his ability and zest. But even then they were unsure of him.

One of them, now a prominent physician, recalls that the yearning to succeed dominated Robeson's young life. "Sometimes we boys used to think it was because he wanted to show us that coloured people were just as good as whites," he says. "Other times we wondered if he was just striving for fame."

From school, Robeson went on to Rutgers University in New Jersey. He was only the third Negro ever to attend the university. When he tried for a place in the college football team, some of the other players wanted to keep him out. The first time he donned a sweater in a trial game he was so severely pummelled that after a few scrimmages he was on the sidelines with a dislocated shoulder, broken nose and multiple cuts and bruises. He spent nine days in bed, then went straight back to the field.

Again he was knocked down heavily, and as he lay on the ground a rival player stepped on his outstretched hand, tearing the skin. Robeson erupted. Like a mad gorilla he seized the first player who came his way, and prepared to smash him into the ground.

The coach rushed forward yelling: "Stop, Robey, stop! You're in the team." Robeson went on to become an all-American footballer, one of the greatest of all time. While still studying law at university, he began to play professionally, receiving as much as a thousand dollars a game.

One afternoon, after a hard match, two Chicago business men walked into the dressing-room where Robeson was changing. "You'd make a great prize fighter," said one of them. "Let us train you and manage you. We'll build you up and match you with Jack Dempsey. You're already a big name in sport. It will draw a million-dollar gate."

Robeson confesses that he was seriously interested in the offer, but his friends talked him out of it. One of them was an attractive, intellectual student, Eslanda Cardoza Goode, a Spanish-Negress, whom he had met at a Harlem party. "Everyone thought he was just one of those brawny football players who wouldn't amount to anything," she recalls. "But I thought he was terrific. I said to myself: 'I'd better marry him before these people catch on.'" In August, 1921, she did.

Eighteen months later Robeson had joined a New York attorney's office and it was there, for the first time, that his resolution faltered when he met trouble. Oddly enough, the incident changed the whole course of his life.

One morning, he called a stenographer to take some notes and she refused, protesting that she would not work with a coloured man. Robeson was so humiliated that he decided to quit the law and become an actor.

Not until he took the rôle of *Emperor Jones* in New York in 1923 was it discovered that he had a fine voice. In one scene, he was supposed to walk through a wood, whistling. He could not whistle—he still cannot—so he sang instead. He had found a new career.

With the assistance of an arranger, Lawrence Brown (who still works with him) he rented Greenwich Village Theatre one Sunday afternoon in April, 1925, and sang nothing but Negro spirituals. The critics went overboard. One of the best known, Heywood Broun, wrote: "If my friends don't go to hear Paul Robeson I won't speak to them again." At Robeson's next recital, tickets were changing hands for as much as thirty dollars.

The amazed singer quickly found himself launched on a concert tour. It opened at Boston before a highly critical audience. Robeson had made a few records and they were selling well, yet when he faced his Boston audience he was so nervous that hardly a sound came from his thick lips. Only the first few rows could hear him at all. The next day he cancelled all his bookings and spent two years studying singing. "It was then I discovered how to make my singing voice just an extension of my speaking voice," he says now.

He still delights in demonstrating this to his friends. "Listen," he will say, and he begins to recite the words of his memorable song "Ol' Man River." Imperceptibly, he quickens the pace and adds a slight tonal effect, and in a few seconds the entire room is vibrating with sound.

Until his Boston failure, Robeson had never been out of America. But soon came an offer to go to Britain with the *Emperor Jones* cast. Britain did not like the show, but the Robesons liked Britain. For several years he shuttled to and fro across the Atlantic, giving concerts and appearing in stage shows. In 1928, he opened in *Showboat* in London, and his singing of "Ol' Man River" brought him to a pinnacle of fame.

The more liberal attitude of the British towards coloured people affected him deeply, and as he travelled his protests against racial discrimination grew louder. It was not until he went to Russia in 1936 that the protests became entangled with Left-wing propaganda. "Here for the first time I feel I can walk as a free man," he observed in Moscow. From then on he became an increasingly vociferous supporter of Communism. Increasingly he drew criticism, even from American Negroes.

After the American Government withdrew his passport in 1950 because of his continued support of Communist-front organizations, Robeson spent six years in near-obscurity. Then the London Paul Robeson Committee, which had campaigned fervently for his return to Britain, invited him to take part in a unique transoceanic concert. A thousand people assembled in a St. Pancras hall while across the Atlantic Robeson and a few friends gathered in a small Manhattan recording studio. By transatlantic telephone he sang to the London audience, aided by a Welsh choir in the hall. The songs came through clearly.

Encouraged, Robeson embarked on a series of concerts in American churches, aided by his brother, the Reverend Benjamin Robeson. The performances were really recitals under a church roof. Audiences paid for admission, sometimes as much as ten dollars a seat. Robeson collected sixty per cent of the takings, and he was soon earning anything from six hundred to 1,800 dollars a concert—fees which compared favourably with those he had earned in his heyday.

Early this summer, a Supreme Court decision overruled the American Government, and Robeson had his passport back. Almost immediately he left for Britain and the first big concert of his comeback. His victory was greeted enthusiastically among New York Negroes. A Harlem supermarket taped in its window a clipping from the *New York Times* showing the singer fingering his passport. One plump Negress, clutching an armful of provisions, danced on the pavement in front of it. "Mr. Robeson sure showed 'em," she chanted. "He sure showed 'em."

Robeson himself accepted the decision more soberly. As he left New York for London he contented himself with the comment: "I would very much like to make a mark again as a singer and an actor." THE END

GUESTS—4

Fish and visitors smell in three days.

Benjamin Franklin

I was a first offender

Continued from page 15

not in answer to my fuss but to admit a jolly, buxom woman who was carrying a rather large mug of steaming cocoa and two enormous wedges of bread and cheese.

"Eh, you do look in a state," she said to me in her flat, northern voice. "Now, put your shoes on, love, and sup up."

An hour before I would have been glad to, but now my hunger was lost in concern for my poodle. I poured it all out to her. She listened, and said she doubted whether her husband would turn out after a hard day on the beat just to see to a dog, but she'd do what she could.

"Sup up," she insisted again, as she left, "and then get to bed. You'll feel better in the morning."

I GOT the food down willingly enough but sleep was more difficult. There were not enough blankets to keep me even moderately warm, and I could neither sleep nor think. I certainly did not feel better by morning.

Mercifully, the constable's wife was an early riser and a human being. "Pippi's fine," she said straight off. "He didn't much like my hubby going into your room, but it was only quite a small bite and my Bob's a rare one with dogs, so he brought the little chap back with him and bedded him down on your mac."

"That was kind," I stammered. I hardly dared to wonder what might happen to Pippi if I were sent to a proper prison instead of a friendly police station.

However, I found appetite enough to appreciate the bacon and eggs that she had brought, together with the information that the probation officer would be coming along to see me during the morning.

For some reason I had a mental picture of a probation officer as a large, stern, schoolmasterly sort of man, and I was glad of the opportunity to make a primitive toilet and tidy up my scruffy bed. When the door opened to admit, instead, a tiny, harassed-looking woman, I was so astonished that I almost laughed.

She said something like: "Well, you have got yourself into a mess, haven't you?" and then we talked. "Let me see, you're thirty," she said worriedly, "I don't quite know how best to help you."

"I know. I'm old enough to know better." I lapsed into irritable self-pity. "Everyone keeps on about that."

"Well, we must look forward, not back," she said briskly.

And then a constable came in to say that it was time to go to court. As I waited in a corridor outside the courtroom someone noticed that I had no hat. "But I never wear one," I said.

There was a brief silence, a muttered consultation and a policeman explained that I could not possibly go into court without a hat. The probation officer darted by, protesting that she would need hers. They borrowed a scarlet beret from somewhere and I stepped into the dock looking, I'm sure, a great deal more rakish than was good for me.

I felt like an actress, blinded by spotlights and thrust into a leading rôle without a script. But it seemed I wasn't expected to say anything but "yes" occasionally.

The detective went into the witness box and gave evidence of arrest, and a policeman with braid on his hat asked that I should be remanded in custody so that inquiries could be made.

Then I was escorted back to my cell after an unexpected encounter with Pippi in the yard which wrecked my "don't care" attitude. The apprehensive droop of his tail when I had to leave him did more to make me face the future than any amount of moralizing.

I was not short of that. For, having refused to commit myself to any particular religion, I was "worked on" during the week by both a Church of England parson and a Roman Catholic priest.

"I think it's happy here"

Their visits were not at all unwelcome, because each afternoon I was taken for the interviews from my cell, which seemed to grow smaller every day, to a room which was almost exactly similar except that it had two chairs and a table—and a view out of the window.

I appreciated the change of scene, but I was too eaten up with self-pity to want to talk about anything but money and how I was to get out of debt. The parson was at least aware of money as a problem.

"Honest opportunities will occur if you have faith," he insisted. "Promise me, if you are ever tempted to steal again, you will come to me first, and I will help you all I can."

"Thank you," I said non-committally. I could hardly tell him that although I had no idea how much I actually owed, it almost certainly exceeded his entire life's savings. He left me a Bible with obscurely marked passages and tried daily to explain them to me.

The priest was more bracing. I liked the cheerful way he said, "God bless you," every time he arrived and departed, and I enjoyed reading a book, *The Screwtape Letters*, which he left me and which I found amusing and down-to-earth, though somewhat obsessed with sexual temptation.

Apart from their visits, the boredom of my first few days in that cell was relieved only by flying visits from the probation officer, who would scuttle in with questions.

"Can you tell me where to find your driving licence?"

"In the white handbag to the left of the middle drawer in the dressing-table, I think. I expect I haven't signed it. . . ."

But she was gone, leaving me to wonder how much they would fine me for that. Her question, always delivered on the run, would usually be less obscure.

"What size shoes do you take?"

"Er—fives."

"My mother died last year. Are you too proud to try on some of hers?"

"Of course not. I'd be grateful. I haven't a decent pair left."

"I happened to notice that when I went for your driving licence."

"About that licence. I. . . ."

But, again, she had flown, leaving me staring at a parcel of perfectly good shoes.

Reading matter was severely restricted. I read the Bible, but I found no answer there to my problem. What I needed, I felt, was an accountant to put my affairs in order and a fairy godmother to supply the cash. That was the fantasy world that I was living in.

After three such evenings boredom drove me into pleading for pencil and paper, and I became my own accountant. As soon as I began to write down the facts I knew that this was the way to tackle it. I got the urge to tidy up my life somehow.

It was surprising how long it took me to remember to whom I owed money, and how much. When I totted up the list, the unbelievable total—nearly £1,500—sent me into a swift moral retreat. It was too big. I simply could not visualize any means by which I could ever pay.

I had a vague idea that going to prison automatically cancelled all debts, and found myself only too willing to face years in a cell, just as long as I didn't have to make any effort to repay the money. I put those pieces of paper, with their frightening figures, under my mattress and tried to forget them.

But, of course, I could never quite forget them, and gradually I came to accept the idea, as the week dragged on, that I should not be happy until I had paid the money, whether I had to go to prison or not.

THAT week of uncomfortable solitude, as well as pulling me up short, gave me a vivid appreciation of simple pleasures. I became grateful just for a walk along the gloomy corridors, for a wash under the cold tap, for the exercise of scrubbing out my cell, for any sort of reading matter, for a glimpse of the sun.

I gathered that it was unusual for anyone to be locked up for as long as a week at that station, with its primitive sanitary arrangements, and I imagined that it was being done largely for my poodle's sake.

When the time came for my second appearance in court I was more conscious of my surroundings. There was one woman on the bench. She was elderly, with a kind, tired face, and straight-backed in a way that made me brace my slumped shoulders. Unfortunately, her pained surprise at my story sent me into a childish and quite unintentional fit of sulks.

The fact that I had frankly admitted my offence, she mused, and had apparently told the truth about my circumstances, was in my favour. But why on earth had I done it?"

How could I answer that? I was tired of the whole silly story myself, by now. I muttered, rather rudely, that I didn't know.

Why hadn't I got a job if I were so hard up?

"It didn't occur to me," I mumbled. "All I can do is drive." This was the simple truth as I saw it, but it must have sounded unco-operative to say the least.

Looking back, I seem to have gone out of my way to put myself in the worst possible light. Perhaps I still had a sneaking feeling that prison would be the easiest way out.

The probation officer didn't seem to think I was doing too well, either, and stood up hastily to defend me against myself. She would see that I got a job and kept it. She knew I had already taken steps to face my problems.

Although I sincerely intended to try to straighten out my life, I felt it was rash of her to be so sure, and make herself responsible for such an unknown quality.

SUDDENLY it was all over. I had to be chivvied out of the dock. Dazed, I found myself back in the charge-room, sitting at the long table where I had made my first statement, and trying hard to understand what was implied by the words "on probation for two years in her own recognizance of £10."

I flinched at the prospect of yet another addition to my load of debt, but the policeman who was handing over my confiscated belongings, explained that I would not have to pay the money unless I got into trouble again.

The probation officer bustled in as I was wondering what I was supposed to do next. I couldn't believe that I was free just to walk out.

"I have a driving job for you," she said at her usual speed, "with a lady who knows something of your—er—difficulties and doesn't mind the dog. Here is the address. You don't need to talk about this unless she asks you, and I don't think she will. Here is three pounds to be going on with. You will get four pounds a week and a midday meal, so you ought to get along nicely if you don't smoke or drink."

So that was why she had wanted my driving licence. I stammered some sort of thanks but she was gone before I had properly got them out, calling over her shoulder that I was not to forget to report to her once a week at her house.

I was lucky. I had a pleasant, easy job, taking a charming old lady shopping in the mornings, cleaning the car, having a slap-up lunch and taking her for a country drive most afternoons. But the bills for past extravagances were rapidly becoming threatening letters.

Somebody, sooner or later, would take me to court, and that would bring the lot down on me. What I needed, I knew, was to get away to some country place where I could cut my expenses to the bone and give myself the chance of earning more.

At last I made a determined effort and had tea with the probation officer. I told her what I wanted to do, explaining how the interest on money I had borrowed was mounting up faster than I could ever hope to pay it off, not to mention the principal.

But she had evidently ceased to regard me as any sort of problem and was looking at her watch. "Well," she said, "if you do hear of a good job in the country and you really think it would be better, I have no objection so long as you write to me every week. I trust you."

Next I had to tackle my biggest creditor. With difficulty I managed to stammer out the short speech I had rehearsed.

"I know I owe you a lot of money

but I have a plan for paying it off—will you listen?"

"Naturally." It sounded very cold and discouraging but I went on, sounding sillier, I feared, every minute.

"I have quite a lot of things in pawn," I explained. "If I could stop paying you altogether for a bit, I could save enough to redeem some and sell them. Then I could move an old caravan I own to some isolated farm. I believe I could then pay you a regular sum and clear it off on a monthly basis. But I must have a breather while I find somewhere to park, move my things and find work."

It sounded pretty weak and wild, even to me. There was an awful silence that seemed likely to go on for ever, then suddenly he smiled and said: "How long do you want?" To me, they sounded the most beautiful words in the English language.

I went to see the proprietor of the garage where my caravan was stored. "I must owe you an awful lot," I said, "but I'm in a financial jam and I want to live in my van. Will you let me move it, and wait a bit for your money?"

He looked at me consideringly, but I was hardened to such silences by now and more confident of the outcome. At last came the smile and the biggest gesture I'd met so far.

"You've been a good customer in the past," he said, "and I haven't really stored it. It's been out on that piece of waste land at the back. You don't owe me anything. And I can give you a few addresses if you like," he offered. "I've done some caravanning myself. When you get fixed up I'll give you a tow just for the price of the petrol for old time's sake, if you don't mind a Sunday."

I could have fallen on his neck. If ever opportunity followed a tiny bit of effort, this was it. I was shedding my laziness fast now that I had something definite to work for. Within a week I'd picked my farm.

It was owned by a young couple who were just starting their first baby, and the farmer was worried about leaving his young wife alone. He seemed to like the look of me and said that he would rather not charge me rent if I were willing to help with the livestock a bit.

The local authorities damped me down slightly. It was against their policy to have caravans in the area and they were only willing to grant permission for one year. However, if there were no objections, and I kept the site in order, I could apply for renewal of the licence each year. I decided to gamble on getting the renewal, and so far I always have.

I was sorry to give up my driving job, but my employer was very understanding about it, and I stayed on until she got someone else. In the meantime I was spending my weekends clearing and fencing the sheltered corner I had been given as a caravan site, and making inquiries about driving jobs in the district.

On the day of the move I asked my garage man to put a cylinder of calor gas in the van, but when I went in to make him a cup of tea before his journey back, I found that he had also installed a solid-fuel stove and some extra cupboards and shelves. "Just a few bits and pieces I had lying about the yard," he said. "Call it a couple of pounds, if you like."

If I had to put my finger on the backbone of my rehabilitation, it would be the sheer goodness of people who were not even friends and who had nothing whatever to gain by it.

There have been bad moments, of course, as when a tree blew down and demolished the electric cable I had just finished paying for, and the unforgettable night when the hot water tank blew up without a squeak of warning. But these country hazards are apt to be offset by equally unexpected opportunities.

Like the occasion when a man stopped me one day and asked if I would give him the name of the shop where I had my poodle trimmed.

"I do him myself," I said, "I can't afford thirty-five shillings a time."

"I'd gladly pay more," he said, "if I could get mine done as well as that locally. I suppose you wouldn't [illegible]?"

Would I not! I made a date with his poodle, and that led to others, until I gave up some of my driving to cope with the more lucrative poodle queue.

Altogether, life is undeservedly good. I keep at least slightly ahead of my monthly repayments of debt, and I suppose my future is now no more of a question mark than most people's. As an owner-occupier and a ratepayer, I feel I've come quite a way since I had that bright idea of switching a few diamond rings. THE END

© *Florence Chapman, 1958*

There's a rocket base next door

Continued from page 11

for the rocket station, according to the Ministry of Labour office in Cardigan.

The local school, which once had only forty pupils, now has 150; and a £40,000 extension to accommodate them. In and around the village the county council has built more than sixty houses for men working permanently at the rocket station.

"The establishment makes its favourable effect felt as far south as Cardigan [roughly seven miles by road], Newcastle Emlyn [ten miles] and Llandyssul [twelve miles], and as far north as New Quay [fifteen miles]," says Ivor Evans, a county councillor living in Aberporth.

The residents are not prepared to forsake all this comparatively new wealth just because a misguided missile may wipe out two or three households or devastate a crowded school playground. To date, five missiles and rockets from Aberporth have crashed on land. None, the residents point out, has caused casualties or damaged properties other than farm fields. But, in addition to the rocket which fell at New Quay, at least one other has caused the populace to hold its breath and pray.

The rector remembers the occasion well. "It happened about four years ago. I was waiting for a confirmation class outside the church. I heard the rocket go up and paid no attention to it. It was the sudden silence which made me turn round.

"I saw the rocket or missile, its motor dead, dropping into the sea just beyond the beach. As it fell level with the houses on the hill at the back of the village, its second-stage motor started. The rocket streaked across the top of the houses at a colossal speed.

"A boy standing with me went white as it passed over his home. It crashed harmlessly in a field not far from Brynmair Chapel, where some children were having singing practice."

In spite of this awesome experience, the rector would not have the rocket station moved from Aberporth. In recent years he has seen his congregations and his Sunday school attendances double, he has performed many more marriages, and he says: "I am not a pacifist. If you live with a rocket station, you have to forget about it, just as you would have to forget about a gasworks or an airport if you lived alongside them. It would be terrible if we had a serious accident here, but it would be no worse than a railway crash or a jet plane crashing on a town. It would be news today and forgotten tomorrow."

Almost all the residents rationalize their personal dilemma this way. The county councillor, Ivor Evans, says: "We've all got to die sometime. I don't care how it happens, as long as it's quick. Nobody wants a lingering death. In the meantime, it would be terrible for the village if the R.A.E. left us now."

Neville and Megan Smith, a young couple who run a grocery business in the village, were recently asked by a customer if it were safe to bring children on holiday to Aberporth. The Smiths laughed. "It's no more dangerous here than in any place where there are fast cars tearing about the roads. We have two children. We never worry about them getting hit by rockets."

A farm worker has an even simpler attitude towards the rockets. "We've been lucky with the crashes so far," he says. "Why shouldn't we go on being lucky?"

Of course, the Cardi, the local nickname for a man of Cardiganshire, is notoriously tight and canny over money, and this has much to do with his attitude to the rocket station. He has always had to work hard to earn a living from the soil and the sea. He lives in the third poorest county in Wales, a county heavily subsidized by Exchequer grants.

"He would be foolish," says the New Quay councillor, Donald Evans, "to look the R.A.E. gift horse in the mouth, particularly after he has pleaded with the government to plant light industry in the area.

"Mind you, if the English had tried to put this rocket station in *North* Wales, they would have received a very different reception. National feeling runs higher there, and they would have thought twice about allowing English scientists to come to Wales to play about with their rockets."

Many people in the Aberporth district bluntly refuse to discuss the rocket station. It is not clear whether this stems from ostrich-like ideas about national security (after all, the world has known about the rocket station for five years now) or whether they fear too much publicity about it might jeopardize its (and their) future.

Recently the sub-postmaster in the village, Daniel Admiral Jones, rebuked his sister, Florence, for talking to a stranger in the post office about the effect of the rocket station on village life." "It's secret," he said sternly.

Austin Davies, the village electrician, ordered his wife "not to say a word about the R.A.E." to a visiting journalist who sought accommodation at their house.

Before the Ministry of Supply began issuing statements this year about rocket accidents, no news of them had leaked far from the village. A report about the rocket which narrowly missed the Brynmair Chapel four years ago did eventually appear in the *Cardigan and Tivyside Gazette*, but only after someone had raised the matter at a county council meeting.

The *Gazette's* local correspondent in Aberporth happens to be a former employee of the R.A.E., James Thomas. Thomas, who is also clerk of the parish council, regards the rocket station as a blessing to the village. "It would be napoo for us if they took it away."

Though the bulk of the work inside the rocket station remains secret, the Ministry has released some general information. The station occupies an area of just over two hundred and fifty acres, and fires about a thousand missiles and rockets a year over a range which extends northwards across Cardigan Bay for seventy thousand yards.

About a hundred firms specializing in rocket and missile development send men to work alongside the five hundred Ministry employees. Some of these firms have permanent workshops on the station. For the benefit of senior staff and important visitors, the station has its own airfield.

Just one or two people in and around the village object to the rocket station, but not on moral grounds or because it constitutes a public danger. Some fishermen, for instance, complain bitterly when high-speed R.A.E. launches order them to take their boats out of the line of fire.

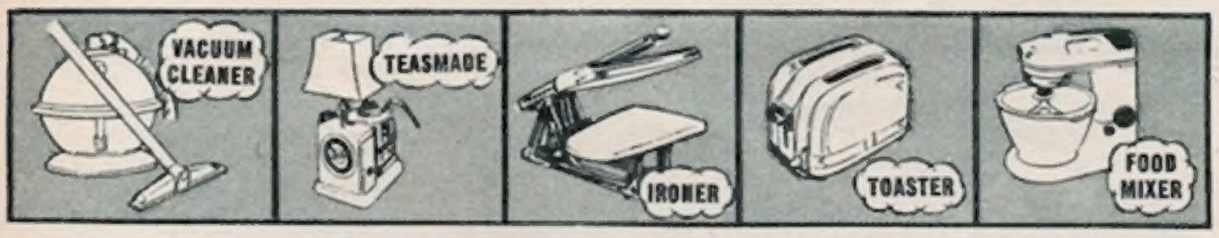
Daniel Peregrin Jones, the retired brother of sub-postmaster Daniel Admiral Jones, abhors "the waste of time and money up top." He says: These rockets are just toys for the brass-hats.

"But I shouldn't talk like this: if people heard me, they would run me out of the village. They're only interested in the pounds, shillings and pence of it."

With this last observation, Roderic Bowen, the local M.P., who lives at Aberporth, would agree. "The people are only interested in the thousands of pounds which the rocket station brings into the area every week. That is natural, and I have fought strenuously to keep the R.A.E. at Aberporth. Nobody I have met here worries about the rockets; in fact, nobody pays any attention when they fire them."

Bowen draws the attention of visitors to Aberporth to the reaction of the local cows when rockets are launched. The station carries out its trial firings at all daylight hours. The rockets leap skywards with a roar which crashes across the countryside. Windows rattle and crockery bounces. But the cows, like the people, pay no attention. They just chew the cud. THE END

"It's all right now, dear, everyone's out of the bathroom"



SIX PRIZES

for Bullets big new HOUSEWIFE'S DREAM AWARD!

1. £28 6s. Hoover Cleaner
2. £11 10s. 5d. Goblin Teasmade
3. £25 14s. 6d. Parnall Ezy-press
4. £6 18s. 1d. Morphy-Richards Toaster
5. £27 11s. 9d. Kenwood Mixer
6. £425 CASH

ENTER this week's best Bullet on your coupon below and a thrilling sixfold First Prize is *yours*—a big cheque *plus* that "Housewife's Dream" award. But it can be yours only if you start your *Fun With Words* now and post by Monday, August 18!

OTHER "BULLETS" PRIZES GALORE: £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 100 "Double Sixers," 1,500 "Good Shots" each with £1,000 surprise "EXTRAS" value up to £100—see coupon below

WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Britain And Co.	Bulldozers, Grabs, Cranes
In My Little Castle	Powerful Argument
Harvest Of Knowledge	Plodding On
Fighting The Devil	A Mere Pinprick
The Exam Bogey	Like Silver
Let's Be Fair And	Bouquet For Mother
A Sweet Memory	Back In Business
Exported	The Bigwigs
Waste And Extravagance	Made A Monkey Of
Man With Drive	In A Frightful Flap

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

Pride Of The.....	Swarming Round .....
The Mere Sight Of.....	A Drop In The.....
By The Landlady's	It Seemed.....Once, But

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET _____

EX. .....

B. _____

EX. .....

B. _____

EX. .....

B. _____

EX. .....

B. _____

EXTRAS value up to £100 — A £5 Bullets Season Ticket accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with Bullet which was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,154 Post not later than last collection on **MONDAY, AUG. 18**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

Signed .....

Address .....

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE 6d. PER "BULLET"

GIANT AUGUST £1,500 THRILLER COMING!

Complete this Label, affix 3d. stamp and see what the postman brings you on Saturday, August 23—four sparkling pages of Bullets news, pictures and practical help to success! (For 4 consecutive issues, send P.O. 1s.)

Name .....

Address .....

872

STICK 3d. STAMP HERE

Look Out for THIRTY SURPRISES NEXT WEEK!

£500 CASH IF PREFERRED

LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,149 Result: **£425** plus £100 Fridge-and-Food Award, or £500 lump sum: J. Newmark, 14 Brampton Court, London, N.W.4:

In Tomorrow's World—*Mankind* Escaping From "Broadmoor"?

£25 T. Hallett, 23 Getley Street, Birkenhead: **A Well-earned Retirement — Make Yours—*Every Night*!**

£10 W. E. Platt, 5 Hougoumont Avenue, Liverpool, 22: **Popped Into The Red—Maw—After "Toasting," "Buttering"—**

£9 W. E. Hutchens, 6 St. Paul Street, Chippenham: **Do-it-yourself Fever—Caught From *Bill's* "Sting."**

£8 S. E. Warren, 4 Pershore Terrace, Pinvin, Pershore: **Ignorance — Prevents *World's* "Planned Family."**

£7 M. D. Horspool, "Hillcrest," Dover Road, Bournemouth: **My Bank-manager—Makes Shylock Look *Shy*!**

£6 J. K. Hindley, 15 Trevor Road, Swinton: **Relaxation For The Queen—"Garden Party" For *Four*.**

£5 Mrs. E. Brady, 23 Curtis Road, Liverpool, 4: **Recovery For The Queen — *Then* "Mixture As Before"?**

£5 Miss E. R. Griggs, 19b Palmersfield Road, Banstead, Surrey: **In Tomorrow's World—Smoke Prohibited—Between H-bombs!**

£5 W. J. McEwan 84 Adamswell Street, Glasgow, N.1: **A Well-earned Note—In Slacker's Packet—*Notice*!**

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *Bullets Bulletin*. 100 "Double Six" Prizes, and 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated September 13), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, August 30, for early news of No. 2,154 result.)

POST ENTRY
Bullets 2,154, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

"...after the first bottle my catarrh had gone..."

Writes Mrs.N.L.H. of Deptford Park, a sufferer from SUMMER CATARRH *for 28 years.*

"Since a child of five years of age (I am now 33) I have suffered with summer catarrh. Then I was recommended Lantigen by a neighbour. After the first bottle my catarrh had gone . . ."

Taken in water like ordinary medicine, the Lantigen 'B' treatment costs only a few pence a day. It sells at 25/9 a bottle. Free leaflet from chemists or address below.

...oral vaccine treatment for

CATARRH & BRONCHITIS

OVER **5,000,000 BOTTLES** OF LANTIGEN SOLD

Lantigen (England) Ltd, Bagshot, Surrey

NEW POSTCARD PORTRAIT

PAT BOONE

Also available the latest poses of **Richard Basehart, Harry Belafonte, John Bromfield, Dirk Bogarde, Yul Brynner, John Cassavetes, Petula Clark, Lee J. Cobb, Montgomery Clift, Rory Calhoun, Doris Day, Lonnie Donegan, Jackie Dennis, Dianne Foster, Anthony Franciosa, James Garner, Stewart Granger, Earl Holliman, Tab Hunter, William Holden, Colin Hicks, Dean Jones, Burt Lancaster, Sophia Loren, June Laverick, Shirley MacLaine, Don Murray, Silvana Mangano, Dolores Michaels, Elvis Presley, Anthony Quinn, Debbie Reynolds, Donna Reed, Tommy Sands, Harry Secombe, Dean Stockwell, John Saxon, Robert Taylor, Bill Travers, Malcolm Vaughan, John Wayne, Clint Walker,** all in sepia glossy style, postcard size, price **7d.** each post free. (Orders of 4 or more 6½d. each post free).
Send for Full Star List—IT'S FREE!
Send your order enclosing P.O. crossed /& Co./ made payable to:

PICTUREGOER SALON
Dept. J14, 128 Long Acre, London, W.C.99

FREE TRIP TO FRANCE

in the world's fastest liner S.S. United States

That's the exciting prize which your child can win in an easy-to-enter competition in ZIP, out now! Three happy winners can take Mum or Dad with them and it's all Free!
Get Zip at once!

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on this copy: Inland, 5d.; Abroad, 3½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the selling price as shown on the cover, or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

26

GOLF SCORE

WHAT WE WANT IS WATNEYS

More Watneys Pale Ale!

Brewed to a golden amber colour, Watneys Pale Ale tastes as good as it looks. It's a bright, clear drink with a sparkling tang that's just right when you've a good thirst. Try a glass or two of Watneys Pale Ale today. It's *really* refreshing.

AND TRY **WATNEYS HAMMERTON STOUT**: BREWED WITH OATMEAL AND GLUCOSE FOR ZEST.
WATNEYS DAIRYMAID STOUT: SWEET, SATISFYING, INEXPENSIVE.

WATNEYS BROWN ALE: LOOKS GOOD, TASTES GOOD, IS GOOD.